DAVID SPARENBERG

Nonviolent MANIFESTO

Provocations of Ecology, Spirituality & Politics at a Higher Octave

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This book is dedicated to the courageous citizens of Minneapolis Minnesota. And to those victims everywhere who are survivors and witnesses of government violence and the state terrorism of war. Wars domestic and foreign.

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& the writer David Sparenberg

SAVE AS MUCH AS CAN BE SAVED

The majority of compositions in this book are collected out of my 2025 OVI eBooks. There are, however, some new prose pieces, which include A Page from Gandalf's Notebook, Methane In a Bell Jar, the title composition Manifesto, and Radical, as well as some new poems, including Prayer, Women, Save and The Gospel of Creation.

If you are only going to read one book in the next six months, let this be your choice. Reading can be quick and easily referenced. The word count is small. Thought content communicates experiential wealth and may provide reflections of enduring value.

Words here are honest and directed toward those who are awake to evolutionary purpose and potentials,

and instinctively intelligent to guide through the pandemic storm and the epoch of darkness falling upon us, and to direct inner resourcefulness into sustainable renewals of reciprocity with emergency emergent realities and the truths of habitable Earth. With the continuum of being human integrally within this life-happening sphere.

Here we are born and from here we live within the third orbit of the light and life giving heat of the sun: Earth's Daybreak Star.

On these pages are words to engage (and inspire) soul as the eye of experiential vision and the heart of Earth centering imagination. Struggles are ahead and mindfulness will require alertness and emotional intelligence. In unprecedented challenges now before us and those about to become globally imminent, do not except victory, commit to endurance and do not surrender to defeat. My intention here is the same as the druidic wizard Gandalf. When addressing the champions of Middle Earth, the messenger and Keeper of Lands tells the courageous as they go forth to confront the corrupt perpetrators of evil (and who are pathogens of the degrees of death) to **"save as much as can be saved."**

Diligence to sustain dedication—and are you not in love?—and patience—often long suffering patience—even in a time when time is short, will prove to be resourceful.

To you, reader, use this book, Nonviolent MANIFESTO, to connect with the impossible dream of dreaming within the Dream of the Earth, of being a part of the Great Work of cosmic evolutionary purpose, here and now on the curve of time and space, and to save as much as can be saved. Beyond the maelstrom of worldwide crisis may yet be the global horizon of a renaissance dawn. Why not instead of further degeneration into pirates and plunderers our species emerges out of crises to mature back-to-the-future as avatars of immersive relationships?

I am not the only one to feel these feelings, to think these thoughts, to voice these words of danger and potential, to sound the call, this resonant echo, for comprehensive alternative action. None of us need despair. None of us are forgotten. None of us are alone once we reject the mindset of oppositional isolation. Once we replace competition with compassion. Once we exchange violence for cooperation. Once we let go of greed and grow profound in generosity. Once

we reunite with reciprocity and perceive the infinite filigree of sustaining wonderment and connectivity.

Read this book thoroughly, then read it again. Take the thoughts to heart, commit the words to memory. Read for your evolving self and read for the liberating evolution of others. For the flourishing of otherness. What is human in tandem with what is more than human. We are contextual creatures of sentience who are encompassed. And we are part of the Encompassing. We are not a breed apart. We are intimates in the salvific quest for identity. There is a maxim in the European Union, a principle of togetherness, expressed at the Opening Ceremony of the Milan-Cortina Winter Olympics. Although deep and comprehensive, it is easy to remember and goes like this: *I am because we are.* How few are those in the United States who share this sense of union between the existential individual and the social collective? At present, we get by in an oppressive atmosphere of fear and distrust, while sinking ever further into national gloom and personal atomization—waiting for despair to triumph and disaster to strike.

Rhetoric and propaganda aside, what today are the terms of a viable American social contract? Outside of

mobocracy and the smiling fascism of the American marketplace and the church of the holy dollar, the tacit interior attitude is nearer this—*I-am-traumatically an ego despite the traumatizing threat of your presence. Behind the surrenders to triumphant capitalism patrol the piranha of acculturated distrust, sadistic dislike, and the greased rails of interpersonal use. abuse and dismissal.*

See who we have become, having empowered arrogance, ignorance, and incompetence, giving way to braggards, buffoons, sociopaths, and immature bullies. See how we look in one another's eyes. Look at how we look in the eyes of the world. And the world is watching us.

Herein I will speak with you on ecology. Ecology is in intensive need of active address. Earth is being transformed, by the hubris of human ignorance and an obscenity of greed, from flourishing life abundance and diversity into dead zones of asphalt and cement, into parking lots and plastic flotillas suffocating the oceans. Herein I will speak to you of spirituality not cotton candy, not fluff and nonsense. We are in an extremity of endangered need of a spirituality as practical and inclusive as the politics of democracy. A people without a vision to measure their striving against is at risk of falling into the entrapments of

soulless history and will suffer collapse. Such a nation is exposed to the judgment of time and such will likely vanish into the catacombs of the forgotten.

Earth spirituality is neither escapist nor a conspiracy of betrayal. Earth spirituality is integral. Integral spirituality is not a boxed quantity to be calculated and compartmentalized for cooperation. It is a quality of sovereignty to be endorsed and embraced, and as practical as the politics of experience should, could, and always ought to be, constituting the genuine signature of woke-functioning, mindfully open, inclusive, connective, communicable, and vigorously compassionate.

I will speak with you of politics. And I have now done so.

In the pages that follow, there is more to be said. Please listen as you read. And participate in the dialogue of planetary urgency.

EVENT or EXTINCTION

from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire

This is the evolutionary law of life on Earth: the unity of diversity. The principle encompasses the nearly infinite intricacies of relationships.

Nature is an asymmetric dynamic. In the all-around of planetary life, balance is maintained in favor of life over death. We are in an accelerated process of reversing this dynamic through the addictive madness of overshoot consumerism and mushrooming abstractions of total war.

As a sentient species we collectively arrive at a decisive point. It is the point of decision between awakening and extinction. What is explicit in the event is sweeping changes in systems, transformations of values, a reidentification and an energizing, sustainable

discovery of purpose. Extinction is oblivion. The end is the end and there is no human consciousness beyond human presence. Face up and let the magnitude of extinction sink in. Perhaps in the suffering of reckoning learned, shallowness will give way to a deeper intensity? Passionate intensity translating into a prosperity of appreciation.

Our ancestors, over eons immersed in the cycles of nature (not traumatized by alienating dislocations of history) communicated with and collected the medicinal benefits of plants, revered and honored the praying tenacity and the wisdom of trees; then humankind knew how to embody the dance of the deer, dreamed with the floral ecstasy of butterflies and pathfinding visionaries followed the flights of birds.

Conditioned to surrender life to things, have we become too false, too hollow, too junktified, corrupted, and too compromised to abide in an intensity of the affirmation of life? To seek out alignment with the realities of the Earth, and embody the sensibilities of belonging, benignly and beneficently, within the relational structures Earth's living truths?

Evolution has a purpose. Sentient life requires guiding vision. The human soul is in critical need of resuscitation.

I can look at you. You can look at me. We can, if we dare the mutuality, see how and who we each are. This is the challenge we are currently facing: individually and to collectively dream the impossible dream—the dream of compassionate caring, of empathy at work, of peace as a promissory fulfillment, dialogue and justice of mutual goals—to dream on, personally and globally, until the impossible is practical and thriving within the realities of a near future biocracy.

IN and OUT of the GROUNDING DIMENSION

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine
&previously published in Green Egg Journal, USA

In the Grounding Dimension there is birth, childhood, playing and learning, growth with questing, responsibility, cultivating the ability to respond, a sense of self and flourishing empathy, an age of sanity, aging, wisdom, memory and maturity, and the veil of death.

Everywhere and always within nature, a narrating context. Everywhere and always, plentiful entities, all with shapes, with a way of looking back, seeing into the intentions and souls of seers who are seen; naming, with faces not only human, with voices relatable but of their own; abundance of the living in diversities of life.

Where are these truths? What is happening to this life miracle, the Living Earth? Where are we now, with telltale hearts buried under artificial entitlements, betrayals, and narcissism? Where now for us in vanishing nature is the Grounding Dimension?

In a floating world there are no foundations. Rather than belonging, there is the anxiety of strangers and haphazard wandering. In rootlessness, aggression and addictions, and myriad sorts of destructive behaviors, routinely happen. Entitlement of the Gun and technologies of nightmare war.

What is really progressing here? What has already become of recognition, trust, and virtue-ethics for life, active on the Living Earth?

The parched soul aches with spiritual longing. The senses want to feel gentle rain, to hear comforting patterns, smell the rain transforming dryness, releasing the fragrance of freshness, giving the truth of life back to us, and to Mothering Earth.

Not agreeing together on much of late, we are unified in being displaced, confused, angry, shallowed-out yet profoundly agonized, and not daring to know why. To what advantage? Indulgence gained at the loss of belonging. Convenience and comfort paid for at the cost of Earth-wisdom and sanity.

A LINE ACROSS TIME

from the OVI eBook Eco Sanity

If you are a believer (whatever the specifics of your faith, which is to say, your way of trust beyond mere facts and circumstance) and you look at the human world, and see the world is confused, broken, often crushed, oppressed by cruelty, corruption and cold blooded violence, you will ask, *"What is God waiting for?"*

I will respond to this question. The question is not rhetorical. It is the voice of the soul arising from the depths of a unique human capacity. The response therefore should not be an abstraction to play mind games with. The response, to be a genuine response, needs to be of the same dimension and integrity as the question itself.

God is waiting for you. And for me. God has always been waiting for us. The fullness of our humanity. And the truth of this abundance, this plenum and Earth based maturity, pronounced as humanity's prophetic

promise, is our truth. A dynamic and evolutionary human truth. And it is nearer The Gospel of Thomas than to Nietzsche's Zarathustra.

I will reframe the question. Looking at the human world, seeing the world confused, broken, disillusioned by corruption, cruelty, and suffering, I ask, what are we doing to make change happen? What are you doing? What am I? What is today's excuse for indifference? What for delay? Or to extend (perpetuate) denial?

When will enough really be enough? When will we collectively draw a line across time, a line for redefining our future, and say to Evil (to ruthlessness and the convulsions and distortions of politized madness): *"You shall not pass!"*

RESISTING END-TIME

from the OVI eBook Eco Woke and originally published in the January 2025 issue of Indie Shaman. UK

Not long ago in a report, the United Nations set out some top priorities everyone can practice in helping to counter climate change and keep Earth (humanly) habitable.

We and the other mammals are here tenuously out of the Age of Flowers, when floral evolution extended range through seeding mobility and accelerated diversity. Short of omnicide, there might be a forced devolution conceding habitation to varieties of cockroaches, post-apocalyptic worms and mutated, mutant micro-organisms.

But here is the UN short list: (1) eat a plant-based diet, (2) reduce unnecessary consumption and excessive waste (in the United States the reduction needs to be radical because the abuses are extreme and constant) (3) eliminate the burning of fossil fuels. This is, or could be/should be, a relatively easy, minimally painful, 3-step program.

I would add to the UN list the difficult but necessary demilitarization of the planet, working with diligent dedication toward removing nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons, along with research into further development in these categories and arsenals of technologically efficient weapons of mass destruction.

Within the world's current, politically malignant and anti-sustainability economic structures, opposition to accelerated global militarization is an Outlier Position. Or is it? Is humanity as a species inevitably locked into fouling our nest to the point of non-livability? Is our socialized state that of hatred, cruelty, criminally abusive mayhem, environmental violence and normalized murder? Or are there alternatives to this formula of self-inflicted and suicidal (human) extinction?

We are in extreme peril so long as we refuse to face up to what is real, what is necessary, to asking the critical questions of collective history and self-examination, and prioritize values for affirming, instead of negating life—negation through our apocalyptic anticipating collective psyche, misshapen through serial historical traumas, escapist dogmas and nihilistic ideologies. Affirmative through an awakened and deepening interspecies dialogue of empathy, compassion, and biotic justice. The fulfillment of comprehensive, inclusive biotic justice would be expressed in the soft governance of biocracy.

On the bright side, to be part of the solution rather than the problem, grow living stuff – plant trees, grow veggies, berries, flowers. A garden of several feet of fertile soil, even a window box, is a very small step. But a step notwithstanding. And one step among many, necessary to be taken for envisioning and actualizing alternative direction. Do not hesitate to take even the smallest steps and once taken do not hesitate to continue. In fact, hasten.

[Addendum: *The best motto and mantra I know for working with soil though home-grown veggies, herbs and flowers is expressed in three simple (people empowering) words,* **Gardens Not Lawns!** This connects naturally with such other self-reliant, liberational terms as Feet Not Wheels, Bikes Not Cars, Grass Not Asphalt, Forests Not Freeways, Food Not Bombs, etc. etc. Oh and of course: **Love not War!]**

For the past fifty years tracking has annually been taking place for a pending environmental entropy labeled Earth Overshoot. Year after year, overshoot is being reached on an earlier date. For the year 2024, Earth Overshoot Day was 1 August. What this meant is this. From the 1st of August until the end of the year 2024. the human population was conducting material plunder and depleting more of the Earth's natural bounty/ resources than was (or could be) restored within an annual cycle. Or as it has been expressed, human consumption annually exceeds the planet's restorative yearly cycle and it would take 1.7

Earths to make up the difference. One does not need to be a mathematician to understand that this is a fatal calculation progressively winding down to end-time.

Inevitably, the conclusion would be that the next Overshoot Day starts the day after the previous Overshoot Day ends. But of course, we would all have perished from trauma and severe want long before this conclusion could be reached. Yet we might immediately call the prospect Total Overshoot in the same language of madness we have become accustomed to allowing for the preparation and perpetuation of Total War.

I have substantial respect and appreciation for Canadian ecologist David Suzuki, who only recently put out a call for "radical" changes. Not changes alone, not any longer, but radical changes. And while I agree that by taking more radical and sustainable steps by the greater number of us opens the possibilities for planetary restoration, I do not agree that it is "now" that the need for good people concerned and engaged in protective healing to start becoming the change we wish to see. Rather, we are dangerously close to the end of when this radical awakening and responsibility was initially perceived as global necessary. The urgency at this planetary hour is intense and the seriousness no longer deniable except through a perversity of hubris and inflated, delusional ignorance. The longer we calamitously pretend, procrastinate and allow power or morbid mobocracy to contrive means of avoiding the truth of reality, the heavier the task and deeper

the trauma that gathers to shortly overcome us and overthrow future generations. That is, to use the common phrase, to "end civilization, or the world, as we know it."

When Suzuki and others, and here I include my humble self, speak of new possibilities growing out of radical choices, the hope for planetary betterment is only viable when and where there is responsibility, as the cultivated value of the ability to respond, emergent out of our shared worldwide emergency. We are in search of a critical global mandate that, in international wrap-around and profound individual and social penetration, gives rise not only to urgency but redefining unity, configurations of eco-civilizational values and purpose.

But how do we who luxuriate in narcissism and the phantasmagoria of conspiracies of shadow forces and suspicion get to the place of trust, without which nothing continues to be done? Resistance in its radical insistence is a reach toward and assertion of mutual recognition (seeing and occupying common ground outside of the matrix) and arduously regenerating the integrity of dialogic trust. How do we open at the threshold of abyss to inclusive recognition? How do we reclaim and ascend even further with the renewal of trust? Time is not on our side, yet it is we who are living now on this struggling and yet life-marvelous Earth, who can move, redirect, and come to stand

integrally on the biotic side of time. Firmly on the side of Earth, joyously on the side of life!

Earth is our home, fire is in the house, we smell the smoke, see the flames, and do things, large and small, bravely, to save life. **Individuals of Resistance are necessary.** But individuals of resistance must be sheltered and sustained by **Communities of Resistance** peacefully and earnestly committed to radical (off the grid) alternative living and counter-directional intentions. These will need to be connected through **Inter-community** (Eco Villages and Urban Communes) **Networking.** The "woke" individual is but the first step in a three part coordination of comprehensive responsibility, recentering and maximized Evolutionary Liberation.

What comes to mind here are some words spoken by Tolkien's wizard, Gandolf (no doubt a Celt if not an outright Gaelic Shaman-Druid). Gandolf of course is fictional, and we are dealing with the realities of our threatening and pressuring Earth-Human Crisis. Yet a truthful fiction can work powerfully in the imagination, casting a spell of value over against the reduction-semiotics of Overshoot-pathology. Let us listen together to what Gandolf teaches us: *"the rule of no realm is mine great or small… But all worthy things that are in peril as the world now stands, these are my care. And for my part, I shall not wholly fail of my task, if anything passes through the night that can still grow fair or bear fruit and flower…. For I also am a steward."*

Meditatively step back awhile into ancestral, nature aligned consciousness and with the quiet and native intelligence therein: see reality, think and feel differently, and walk the Earth in the way of joyous repentance and intuitive resistance to madness, imbalance and rampaging destruction. Stay clear of entrapping compromise and do not surrender. Unknot the hold of the Technozoic matrix with celebrations of natural wonder. Enter the lovefest of the Ecozoic Renaissance. Experience the ecstasies of spontaneous acts of beauty. Dream the Ecotopian Gardens of vision into communities of reality.

**Quotation attributed to Gandolf is from The Fellowship of the Ring by JRR Tolkien.*

WAR: Aggression and the Useful Enemy *

previously published in Countercurrents, India, & OVI, Sweden

War is organized political mass murder. Once a politician kills and gets away with it, he will kill again. Political murder becomes a self-generating exercise in the game of politics. Politicians play with committing permissible crimes of murder. They become reliant on the usefulness of killing.

Killers with political power (often men with malignant resentment) maintain a "useful enemy." A useful enemy can be domestic or foreign, or both. The language of politics gets used to identify human targets

as military assets and too justify the politics of murder. Noncompliant and non-submissive opposition is labeled as unpatriotic, radical, subversive, less than human, terrorists, and expendable. Why? Because they are noncompliant. And the elements of justice and the humanity of oppositional resistance goes unheard and will not be tolerated.

The organized murder of war—a prevailing assertion in the will to power: excessive, authoritarian domination and abject subjugation—relies on normalizing intolerance and feeding emotions on the steroids of hatred.

Politicians who kill and get away with it, kill again. They use war. War is organized political mass murder. To justify and support **aggressive war** is to be complicit in **organized crime.** Crime and complicity in the atrocities of crimes against humanity eventually have consequences on social cohesion and moral conscience.

We continue to be traumatized/victimized by the history, and presence, of war. By militarized aggression and the propaganda of manipulation again the dehumanized "useful enemy."

Waging war—paving the road to perdition—is the politics by which a nation becomes a terrorist state.

PS: *Now he has the taste of orchestrated death in his mouth and all the cheeseburgers of the Golden Arches will not satisfy his lust for blood. Trump could not convince the world he deserved the Nobel Peace Prize for seven wars he made up in his head, so now he wants to be the first political despot to start a world war since Adolf Hitler. Reader, connect the dots: Minneapolis to Tehran to Havana and beyond. Every crime allowed invites another crime. The writing is on the wall. The direction is ominous.*

*******Written on 28 Feb. 2026, at the start of the US military attack on Iran. Postscript added 5 March.*

To YOUTH In the Third Orbit of the Light Giving Heat of the Sun

Young men and dreamers, young women, dreamers, bold and beautiful—be joyous in your frolic and meditations. Beside the smiling of your sunlit fields the shadow of death glowers. Do not fall into the blackhole of dehumanizing history. If you must shed your courage, drop clear beads of gold into the common treasury of freedom. Do not let violence stop you.

Dream beneath the swaying melody of one True Earth Tree. How much the unexplored and oh the welcoming that awaits you!

True, the world is full of sorrow and neglect. But you are the difference, dressed in Middle Earth Harlequin and Hobbit virtues. Without you, the karmic winds blow but the message remains mute. And the cosmos feels abandoned, lacking embodied consciousness to shape dharma out of shadow-tones of chaos and confusion.

Courage requires humility for balance. Intelligence needs clarity, second thought, good measure and depth. Power is enhanced through visionary passion and empathy.

True—oh it is true! The world is tortured by dishonesty and tyranny and terrors are preparing for a destined confrontation. While menacing walls and monuments of oppression do not hold before the dance and song of youth, no more than ice suppresses grass in the budding green of spring.

It has been pointed out that there is a mystic secret in the sprouting of mustard seeds.

Soviet tanks occupied Prague and the Czech Philharmonic recorded and distributed an astounding performance of Beethoven's 9th with the Ode to Joy as an exhilarating Dionysian uprising. Throughout the iron fisted USSR, outlawed songs and lyrics of The Beetles subverted authority.

Codgers and granddames on park benches, tossing breadcrumbs to crows and gulls and urban pigeons, all around the forces of nature are recurrent, and yours are the gifts of memory. Help tomorrow to stand on strong and confident feet.

In solitary wishes, I feel the autumn with autumn's telling chill and fingers of autumn twilight sketching maps of yet unrealized aspirations into my parchment skin. Mine is not the calligraphy of the future. That is the lovemaking of the young. It is true—so very, very true—the world is filled with renewal—and the soul-felt happenings of sacred smiles, sensuality, sexual beauty, and poetic incantations.

In a world traumatized, agonized and convoluted by greed and violence, you, youth of the purposive Evolutionary Earth—practitioners of the simplicity of appreciation and rebellious assertions of simplicity and delight—have become civilization's anomaly. Practice nonviolent noncooperation with the mobsters of corruption, the gangster goons and the street corner thugs of crime and the pestilent ideological pandemic of evil. Choose life over death and thingness, and nature's dynamic dreaming over matrix nightmares and manufactured delusions of artificial extensions and somnambulant numbness. Even the smallest choice

is a choice. Even the smallest love is love. Even the smallest peace is peace. Make every choice a choice for affirmative change. Be at home here, where vital time and intimate space need you, and mature through your years with disciplined dignity and survival cunning.

Do not let lying politicians and profiteers waste your lives. Their cheating schemes are not worth the suffering caused. Their power is not worth the spilling of young blood. Above all, and in all places, make gratuitous use of the Dionysian and the antics of Harlequin laughter. Resistance is rebellion and rebellion is confounding. Resistance should be elusive to the mindset of tyranny, and rebellion irascible.

*Once during a general strike in Paris in 1968, Danny Cohn-Bendit, called Danny the Red, a student leader, was asked by the press if he was a Marxist, and wily Cohn-Bendit replied, "Yes, of the Groucho variety." (*If you need to, by all means, look up the Marx Brothers reference.)

The elites and corporate decadents, the filthy rich who want forever to dominate—to decide who lives and who dies, who eats or goes hungry, who obscenely and incessantly indulge without attention to consequence and who (of the all of us on the other side) must chronically slump and stumble in despair over the

Kafkaesque structures of injustice—the demonic among us (wrongfully empowered and obscenely enriched)work at fabulous expenditure contriving means of cohesion, deception and control. Out "Spontaneity" those who operate without empathy, in selfish denial of global vulnerability. *Without Ideological Definition: Personate Pantomimes for Peace. Evoke Archetypes in Public Spaces. Put up Street Theater Democracy. Parade Harlequins for Equality. Cause Mind Farts in the Artificial Intelligence of the Matrix. Blast Midnight Music for Nazi Sleep Deprivation. Love and care for one another against the indoctrinations of betrayal.*

The seriousness of your resistance will endure even in circus costumes and the rebel masks of mythologies. Outlive the bad guys by dreaming out loud. Be eloquent against obscenity and resentment. Be beautiful.

SOUNDING

from the OVI eBook Eco Sanity and originally published in Pagan Dawn, UK and Quail Bell, Brooklyn, NY

There is a tremendous rumbling coming over this world. Only those already dead in their souls do not feel it.

It is felt in clouds, felt in seas, felt in mountains, felt dark in roots of trees, felt even in buried stones—the monkish memories of old, shape shifting Earth.

There is a pealing of thunder coming over this world, louder than the trumpets of war. Only those who pretend to be deaf refuse to listen, multitudes of walking dead.

Stop, all you who are alive and ensouled! Be alert, you awake and breathing! What is coming? What is this sounding, percussive over the world? Is it death? Is it freedom?

Death is winnowing. So too is freedom. Too many deny the God-gift of our humanity. Evil becomes possessive.

Time now for good people of the Earth to rage. Not rage in madness or surrender to preachment-politics of fear and hatred. But rage in the passion of hurt love, of love abused and life betrayed.

Rage against suffering from injustice. Rage against greed and hording of power; against the cannibalism of anti-man devouring Earth, undoing creation.

Rage, rage in the deep resistance and affirmation of a Dylan Thomas rage. With voice of the resonance of love sounding inside, and between us.

Give me and give to those who are akin and my friends a faith profound and equal to our trust. Empower us in trusting. Yes. A faith of rivers: let it be rivers large and small. A faith horizontal with providing, vertical with the witnessing chivalry of trees, playful and prayerful with imaginations of clouds, inspired by the monkish illuminations of stones, baptized with needs of oceans for salted purity and ceaseless song, emboldened by

the stout, enduring hearts, and minds of mountains—the mighty cathedrals of nature, Zen in their snowy crowns, wild on their Shinto slopes.

There is a sounding—listen! Listen! Yes. What is it? The sounding. Gathering. Is it death? Is it freedom?

ARSON FIRE:
Evolution-Liberation and the Water of Nonviolence

This planet, Earth, is our home. Here is where we nest. It has been this way since the first footstep of the human adventure, the human experiment every one of us is part of. Here is where the tree of life (as we know it) grows. Our species has no experience of life or death other than Earth experience.

The Earth is on fire. The consequences of Earth Fire extend into everyplace, threaten every life. Before long, the entire tree of life will be utterly consumed. Nothing expect lifeless ashes will remain.

The Earth Fire is an Arson Fire. Members of the human species are the arsonists.

To experience that the Earth is on fire and deny the reality is to be complicit in arson and give permission to arsonists. This is a symptom of sickness—sleepwalking participation in a civilization of wrong thinking, delusions, and deliberate lies. It is a sign of decadence. And stage 4 decadence is a descent into fatal madness.

When a house is on fire, a bold and healthy response is needed. If not a victim of a collective death-wish (consider the actually suffering of death by fire, a desert ultimatum and the absence of water). When survival faces a clear and present danger, one cries out, springs into action and joins the first responders in quelching the flames--laboring arduously, saving as much as can be saved.

Fire is swift and voracious, insatiable as long as fueled. Fire on the Earth is raging. The Climate Fire burning out of control is an Arson Fire.

Time is of the essence. Time must be used heroically. And time should be used wisely.

It will take a monumental transformation of how humans think, feel, perceive, communicate and behave to change direction, values, priorities, graduating

from the solitude of individual inner evolution into the solidarity of a global, nonviolent revolution—a democratizing process for the sake of Earth's evolutionary diversity and a sustainable human future of spontaneous culture and examples of viable social organization. The damage done and continuing to be done by rapacious greed and genocidal violence, the overall irreverence and devaluation of life, is extreme and steadily moving toward a point of no return—for us, the possibilities of human continuum and the very life support of the planet itself are on the front line of danger.

Every hope rests on personal awakening and responsibility, every possibility is grounded in personal experience. And yet, as that is and always will be our existential reality, collectively we are hastened to act cooperatively, as a sentient species, for the healing and security of the Earth and the flourishing of future generations. This is an unprecedented challenge and failure cannot be an option unless we outright submit to the specter of extinction.

The thought is radical. And yet, more than 75 years ago, Albert Einstein proclaimed that *"We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive."* We think as we perceive and perceive as we

think. And we have no language to speak beyond the parameters of thought, imagination (image making) and sensitive experience. The market place of the matrix of consumerism and controls blinds us to seeing beyond material veracity, deafens us from hearing the pathos of the Earth and influx of origami messages of cosmic mysteries How much or how little change in these fields of thinking, perception and the life-affirming awakening of relationship values has taken place Einstein's insight? How much urgently needs to happen?

Yes, I am talking radically, radical awakening for evolutionary liberation and a comprehensive revolution in worldview and conduct. But I am emphatic in insisting that we must be cautious and determined in our disciple to avoid violent civil strife and a monstrous bloodbath. What I speak of is not, as Chairman Mao dictated in his Little Red Book, revolution that *"speaks from the barrel of a gun."* Rather, let us constantly bring ourselves closer to Gandhi's love of satyagraha, nonviolence, reverence for life and resistance to the destructive forms enforcing both social and more than human injustice; forces increasingly pushing a perverse agenda of forced extinctions. New dynamics of dialogue and stability within the oppositional harmonies of change, and the reinfusion of joy and

immersive experiences of purpose and belonging are needed if genuine and systemic transformations are to be achieved, to be sustained and can be avowed with clear conscience and the use of active imagination.

I agree with Canadian Ecosopher, David Suzuki: **Earth Crisis is a Human Crisis.** Our species is traumatized by our history. Al Gore labeled Climate Change an Inconvenient Truth. This also is true. The laws of nature, of creation, are not adjustable to the pleasures and absurdities of the denizens of a civilization of overshoot consumption and proliferating toxic waste. Outside of our ego inflations and anxieties, reality and necessity require us to journey back to the future with the strengths and sensibilities of healed and recovered/rejuvenating sanity. The Earth will not much longer tolerate the excesses of humanity, as a swarm out of control, and addicted to the orgies of madness and exploitative technozoic extensions of extravagance.

These realities and these necessities are foundational—the touchstones of truth we are summed to interface with and address—to accomplish the personal work of awakened evolutionary liberation, and to stand our ground together to achieve nonviolent global revolution. A revolution back to reciprocity.

Revolution is not a dirty word. Extinction is. I have remarked on both poles of this spectrum in other writing. But I am sure there are many who are thinking, experiencing, and qualified to add particulars and details to what I am advocating, and without convolutions, knots or using pseudo intellectual lingo to obscure clarity, distort understanding, and further inhibit systemic action.

Major change is in process. It is now inevitable and cannot be prevented. The direction of change remains in question. The answer will soon become destiny.

Persons reading these words must ask themselves this: *Am I an arsonist or a firefighter?*

Earth is on fire. Earth fire is Arson Fire. We must come together to join the ranks of first responders. Not to do so will sign our species death warrant. The time of decision is upon us. The time is now. Time is of the essence.

MINDFUL on HIROSHIMA MEMORIAL DAY,

August 6thg annually since 1945

from the OVI eBook Troubadour &the Earth on Fire and originally published in Countercurrents, India

"Now I am become Death, the Destroyer of Worlds," *attributed to India's classic Bhagavad Gita, these are the words reportedly spoken by American nuclear scientist Joel Oppenheimer upon witnessing the destructive magnitude of the atomic bomb he was instrumental in developing.*

Throughout the overall biomass of the Earth, there is a constant dynamic of asymmetrical balance in favor of life. Predators and parasites are kept in check. Unable to attain immortality, we are the sole species

to make killing fields, no man's lands, dead zones, to build concentration camps, manufacture weapons of mass destruction, politically and ideologically pursue genocide, ecocide, and the civilizational; obsessive and oppressive preparations for omnicide, out of our conditional intolerance of conscious mortality. This is what I call the Death-Wish of Humanity. It is highly contagious, proliferates within the nihilism of thingness, deconstructs, reverses or negates transcendent values, and is our most dangerous human pathology.

Eco-pioneer Thomas Berry, challenged us to *"reinvent the human on the species level."* At the canker-root of addressing this challenge for radical transformation is the Death-Wish and the proclivity of rage for waging war. Buddha answered the question of suffering by detachment, by letting go of that which cannot be held. Jesus responded with a message of love. But the generosity of the message has not overcome the clutching powers of fear and hatred. Where do we begin? And to begin now, so late, is to recognize that time is a wall casting a dense shadow over our efforts.

In a lecture titled **In the Time of Murderers**, delivered in several South American countries in 1949, Albert Camus told his audiences, *"Most simply, it requires one to love life more than any idea…(to) replace*

efficiency by values of example." But that was 1949, ancient history in the culture of forgetfulness. In the 76 years since Camus' modest address, the cult of the walking dead, matrix technology, and the idolatry of the human death-wish, nurtured by boredom, bombarded relentlessly with junktification and so-called alternative facts, is exponentially more efficient. Then again, how, and where (and when) do we begin to counter bad thinking with good action?

Once more Camus: *"the time has come to bring the forces of dialogue together against the ideologies of power."*

GOTTERDAMMERUNG*:
No Nukes for POTUS, No Nukes for Putin, No Third World War

previously published in OVI Magazine, Sweden, and Countercurrents, India

"Sometimes it seems as if he has the faculty for shattering, in ways hard to understand, the relationship to reality of all those who entered his presence." - Historian Joachim Fest from the biography HITLER

The war-spasm warps the surreal head and ponderous body, and twists tighter and tighter again and again the frozen heart of the Ice Giant. The giant is prepared for the battle of Ragnarok.** The giant vows to slay the champions of sanity and to eliminate every life form from the whole of Middle Earth.

From the foul and diseased mouth of the giant, spills the River Styx. The waters wash and drool, thick and greasy with oil and blood.

In the Ice Giant's mind the volcano of self-hatred erupts. From every orifice spit and gush enormous serpents of molten fire. The snakes of vengeance.

Any life touched is immediately a life lost. Lands are laid waste. Darkness descends. Growing stops. The atmosphere universally suffocates and is globally drowned by torrents of black rain. Only a single cause is known for sticky black rain.

Self-deceit is the worst lie. It cannot be forgiven. Because the love of self-loathing must not be confessed. It is a flaw in character and a failure of moral conscience.

The Ice Giant will perish, and the whole of Middle Earth destroyed with him. Any atrocity, no matter how extreme, to keep the secret hidden! Although the secret of the shadow—for shame!—has always been in plain view. Or so says the blind sycophant to the deaf secretary. "The efficiency of death defines progress."

**Gotterdammerung, the twilight of the gods, is the end of the world and Ragnarok is the final mega-battle or apocalypse of Norse mythology.*

A PAGE from GANDALF'S NOTEBOOK

Overall there is an energy. The energy encompasses the Earth. The energy is All Around. It permeates the whole of Earth-Creation. The energy surrounds places to degrees of variable intensities. The energy is a spiritual force. It connects with sentience.

The nature of the energy as spiritual force is presence. It is present in the condition of anticipation. The nature of the condition as spiritual force is availability. Connectivity is the vital strand, the life cord, in the skein of possibilities.

Like responds to like. Above and below as degrees of intensity and/or density—surging passion or brooding congestion—are gradations in the processes of transformations.

Since the beginning, and continuing without cessation, the energy is, was, and will be emanating through the cosmos. And the cosmos is, was and will be an encompassing and sustaining emanation from the Cosmic Creator. Creator is source known as the Known and Unknown, as present and hidden, as sentient and relational, and simultaneously comforting and beyond comprehension. At the Center hints the Mystery of Attraction.

The energy which is sustaining spiritual force is dynamic and subtle, roaring in thunderstorms and waterfalls, hushed to an intimate whisper, a vocal soft caress, like the breath of a passing breeze. The energy which is sustaining spiritual force is neutral, with an asymmetrical inclination in favor of good. The good is truth on the side of life and every experienced intricacy within the micro-macrocosmic dimensions of Middle Earth.

The energy which is sustaining spiritual force is neural but can be invasively misused, distorted, and by knotting convolutions utilized on the side of evil. Evil as rupturing unto chaos and the maelstrom of destruction, becomes manifest and enters the world. These manifestations are the demonic degrees of death, enslaved in service to the Demiurge of Death

Wish.

Good begins as an urge. The urge becomes image. Image evolves into intention and intention emerges as action and pattern to the extent of being empowered. Evil begins as an urge. The urge becomes an image in the dark mirror of usurpation. The shadow reflection of evil escapes integration to become polarized action and perilous patterns to the extent of empowerment.

Consciousness is either open toward inclusiveness and is partnered with creation as an aspirational birthing of evolutionary purpose, or the shadow of consciousness is driven, without empathy or mercy, by the dark forces of jealousy and resentment, to congest, control and crush, or obliterate the foundations and possibilities of life outright.

Wizards, gardeners, and peacemakers connect with the good and through their choices throughout life pronounce an affirmation of reciprocity, a yes-process for creation and inclusion. Wizards, totalitarians, and warmongers manipulate the perception of realty to extend their power to control, deny and when expedient to eliminate whatever cannot be dominated and denervated.

The evil of absolute power is silence. Not the silence of garden meditation, Not the silence of Zen. But the silence of complicity with crimes beyond the pale of forgiveness. The silence of totalitarian extermination. The silence of extinction.

EPIC a Back to the Future Tale of Power

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine and previously published in Mythic Circle, the Mythopoeic (JRR Tolkien) Society& also Countercurrents

Sing in me Muse the epic tale of that Earth daughter who shook the foundations of the Dark Towers and challenged in combat the dread lords of tyranny and their master the Patriarch of Death. Before the Book, back in The Dreaming—over eons of Shaman Lore—it is attested that light is restoration for those who are eaten by their own shadows and fire is the bane of phantoms. From somewhere here, Muse, begin.

The Woman-Warrior Princess, Oona TrueHeart, shook her beautiful head with the flowing locks. She shook her beautiful head topped by the shining helmet with the flowing plume of rainbow colors.

Oona lifted her invincible weapons of light and fire in an honoring gesture to All Fathering Sun. She chanted her kindred chant to Elder Sister Moon. She made a prayer offering to All Mothering Earth. Then Oona unleashed from her throat a furious battle cry—the battle cry that confounds wrongdoers who oppose her and shakes the foundations of injustice.

Oona TrueHeart mounted her winded horse with the flowing mane and tail. Feathers of the wing on the mount's left side were a pure radiance of golden-white light. Feathers of the wing on the mount's right side were a shimmering iridescence of rainbow colors.

Oona TrueHeart was one, yet she was many. She emerged from the Realm of the Mothers: she came out from the Council of All Beings. Behind her gathered the Guardians and Ancient Spirits who do not age. In the onslaught of batter, the Cosmic Green Dragon mirrored in her Woman-Warrior's heart breathes fire through her mouth and nostrils. In the onslaught of battle, lightning shoots from her spellcasting eyes.

Oona rode forth in the direction of the Dark Towers of Power, seeking battle against the forces of evil. Myriad were the bright-eyed maidens, myriad the long-haired youth of the shires who pledged loyalty to the Woman-Warrior and followed her path on the Beauty Way.

When the battle cry of Oona TrueHeart rang out from her throat in thundering truth-force, it shook the foundations of the Dark Towers of Power. Gripped by prophetic fear, soothsayers and practitioners of black magic hastened to assemble in the grand hall of the Dark Lords.

Among the assembly of ministers, councilors, warlords, vassals, robber barons, assassins and astrologers, the richest and most powerful was first to speak. Sunken eyed and discolored with seething contempt, the dread lord proclaimed loudly, "Oona TrueHeart comes against us. She comes to do battle. She has emerged from the Realm of the Mothers; she comes out from the Council of All Beings. Oona is one yet she is many. Gathered to her are the Guardians and Ancient Spirits who do not age. Oona rides the winged horse. The Woman-Warrior bears the invincible weapons of light and fire.

The speaker paused as a stirring and grumbling rippled throughout the vast hall. The chief lord of corruption resumed: "She plans to put an end to the cruelty that is our power to govern. She plans to stop the wickedness by which we prosper. This Oona TrueHeart cannot be defeated. She comes in the prophecy made long ago by Land Dreamers and Water Dreamers and Keepers of the Animals—those we have subdued, those we have suppressed, those who have perished over eons at our hands."

It was then that the eldest and most timorous of the Dark Lords cried frantically. "Let us flee. Quick! We must run! We must hide before we are taken captive and wealth and power are stripped from us."

"Yes," many agreed as panic took hold of the assembly. "To where shall we run? Where will we hide?" one among the stricken asked. Another of the Order of Dread and Terror added, "To what place where the light will not expose us? Even shadows that have served our every secret, now quake and are scattered and shrink before the woman's quickening approach, before the judgment of her battle cry"

Hearing these words voiced in the contagion of fear, the Patriarch of Death arose from his throne of skulls and bones and shouted menacingly a wrathful reproach. "Cowards! Cowards all! For generations our kind has held the world by the throat. How skilled we have been at war! How skilled in covert operations! In cunning, our order is unrivaled, unmatched in the art of betrayals, inscrutable in our schemes of deception. Through us, the efficiency of murder have attained perfection. Shall our greed become vapor, our power useless, our wealth become dust?"

The Patriarch of Death cast a baleful eye at his followers, then resumed his proclamation. "Now are we to flee before a woman? This Oona TrueHeart is

little more than an undisciplined girl. She rides this way in search of victory. A contemptable gesture."

As Ruler of the Oligarchs spoke, the Dark Towers shook in their foundations a second time. Once again Oona had unleashed her furious battle cry that confounds wrongdoers who oppose her and shakes the foundations of injustice.

Upon this tremor, Master of the Dark Lords clutched his massive battle ax and swung it in rage over his head; next stabbing and hacking at the empty air before him. "Call out the armies!" the Patriarch commanded. "Assemble the battalions in battle formation!" He laughed cruelly and his laughter sounded like a storm rumbling through the great chamber. "Oona TrueHeart approaches, dreaming of victory. She will receive defeat and death at our hands. Away! Make ready! This day we will drink the heart blood of Oona—a woman—lamb of the dreamers."

Oona arrived at the Dark Towers of Power; battle was joined—the battle between light and darkness, between good and evil, between life and death, between treachery and truth. In the onslaught the Cosmic Green Dragon mirrored in her Woman-Warrior's heart breathes fire from her mouth and nostrils. In the onslaught, lightning shoots from her spellcasting eyes.

Many are those in the ranks of corruption who yield before the Woman-Warrior's radiant light. Many are those who surrender to the beatitude of the Woman-Warrior's love. Victory is won through love's purity and courage Only by love are the Dark Lords vanquished; the Dark Towers brought down to the shared abundance of Earth and the Patriarch of the Order of Dread and Terror forever exiled from the decency of the world.

Today this story is a forecast. Like a comet crossing the sky of time, it is not yet. Yet it is to be.

CREED of a NONVIOLENT EARTH-SPIRIT WARRIOR:
a Lyric Essay

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine
and previously published in Countercurrents, India

I hope you will come glistening with life power, with it shining upon you as upon the feathers of birds. I hope you will be a warrior and fierce for change, so all can live.- Meridel Le Sueur

Do not kill. Do not commit murder. Or employ traumatic violence to inflict suffering, grief, and loss on any other. Let me say it again: Do not kill. Do not murder. Do not strike out or seek to annihilate, or to cause bodily harm to another, depriving any person of their existence or wellbeing.

Be too much in love with life to destroy life, to take life away from someone else.

Do not go to war. War is not honorable or glorious. War is political mass murder. Wars are waged for reasons and goals outside the lives of common soldiers. Those everyday individuals who allow themselves to be entangled in the madness and are condemned to die for a policymaker's power and profit, or to kill at a policymaker's behest. Most often, wars are waged against civilian populations. Do you really want to inflict your live with the unhealing wound of having killed families, of woman and children, elderly, the feeble, and the ill?

Let me say it again. War is political mass murder. Do not go to war. Do not believe in war or the propaganda of making war. Do not accept the propaganda of nihilism that the end is justified by any means. Technology provides a plethora of weapons for committing mass murder. Do not be fascinated, do not be deceived. Remove the blinders of propaganda and see what war really is.

Be too in love with life to participate in mass murder. The pursuit of war is always a loss of humanity. And victory in war is profit over life for a few, but only

a few, who were wealthier and more empowered to begin with than those whose lives are sacrificed. The ideologues, the oligarchs and the war profiteers do not care about you, do not care about your family. If you, and even an entire generation of youth, do your duty, you will have served their purpose. Whether you die or survive with the stain of fraternal crime to haunt your conscience you will have served those you allow to be your masters.

War is political mass murder. *****

Be honest. Speak truthfully. Try your hardest and very best to be truthful in your dealings with one another. Avoid lying and deception, and the worst of all corruption is self-deception. Lying relies on ignorance and ignorance is a form of destruction. Lying ties life in knots to prevent truth from being seen and felt. Conscious ignorance is an outgrowth of cruelty.

Do not practice cruelty toward others or accept them acting cruelly toward you. Be better than that and relegate the customs of cruelty to the past. You are gifted by being human with discerning intelligence. Be educated in empathy and use intelligence in the evolutionary dialogue of compassion.

Let me say it again, be honest. Do not lie. Lying undermines trust. Demand truthfulness in the dialogue of existence and be of service to life by extending trust.

Be convinced of the need for integrity if dignity and decency are to prevail between us.

Let Earth be what Earth is. Earth is wild and Earth is where life happens. Be on the side of life happening. Let go then frequently and let be. Recovering from addiction to overshoot consumerism, let go of nonessential possessions and dignity humiliating nonsense, and let nature follow nature's course. Earth has been evolving for millions of years, and Earth is wiser than we are. Embrace voluntary simplicity, material minimalism, the healing power of joyous repentance and in your personal intimacy of belonging, be immersed in a prosperity of appreciation.

Let me say it this way, practice intervals of withdrawal and make a practice of patience and generosity and return to the natural state of human ecstasy. Earth is a life place, life happens here, and in the dynamic, asymmetrical balance between life and death, be on the side of the Earth. Abide in life.

That is the way of the Nonviolent, Earth Spirit Warrior, not a conquistador but a troubadour and missionary of peace. Fire and light are the weapons of the Earth Spirit Warrior. Fire is the passion of life. Light is the Olympic torch of truth showing the way to liberation through excellence and teamwork.

Be in love with the intensity of life affirming fire. Be one with the light navigating the way to freedom. As you feel liberation approaching, you will be infused with generosity and a desire for simplicity and wisdom. Courage is required to make a warrior's choice and stand one's ground for nonviolence, nonaggression and peace in a world gone mad with violence and war. Humility is required to make a warrior's choice and stand one's ground for integrity, honesty and equality in a world sick with greed, diseased by corruption and crime. Eco-self-identity is a quantum of courage and humility. Eco-self is eco-sanity.

The Nonviolent, Earth Spirit Warrior is a samurai of Anima Mundi. Imagine, if your heart is strong enough, a democracy as disciplined and focused on nonviolently defending the evolutionary integrity of the Earth as the Code of the Samurai—with mind as precise with truth as the legendary samurai sword!

Imagine the Earth-Spirit Warrior's Creed sustaining a purified, equalitarian global democracy and extending this democratization of deliverance into beatitudes of Earth encompassing biocracy.

**The reader is encouraged to examine arguments for just wars, resisting foreign aggression, state terrorism, and engaged or preparatory genocide. Looking into the writings of Albert Camus and Howard Zinn are excellent resources for starting such an examination.*

LIBERATON and Gandhi's Genius

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine

Survive to resist; resist to survive. Continue, being an origin—aligned with a continuum—of peace and sanity. Liberation: Voluntary Simplicity, Earth Spirituality, Nonviolence. Gratitude instead of Greed. Friendship instead of Fear. Dialogue instead of Hostility. Humility to replace Arrogance. Courage not Pretense. Openness rather than unexamined Ignorance. Common Sense instead of the Politics of Madness. Honesty at the threshold of multidimensional, monumental transformations resourcefully, imminently facing Reality. Doing what integrally needs to be done.

Two touchstones of Gandhi's genius: In confronting the injustice of wealth and power, have nothing to lose—not wealth, privilege, reputation, or position. Enter the struggle with only the integrity of your person, identifying with the common condition of humanity. Add to this the steadfast commitment to the strength and moral superiority of nonviolence over violence. Standing in the world with these two powers of truth-force, as the Mahatma called them, even the most solitary person becomes a beacon and sanctuary for solidarity to sprout from and grow, interconnectively, outward.

Add beacon to beacon, to beacon and on and on and before long, as long as the power holds, there is a great field of illuminating light, an entire coastline of guidance. And those who were in ships, lost and unknown will emerge out of fog, out of unnatural darkness, out of the history of trauma and submission, racial and colonial oppression, and be welcomed on the shores of home.

Be a beacon beckoning and add your presence, your strength, your struggle, and your courage to the homecoming. That is deliverance. That is evolution. To dream in immersive reciprocity with the Earth., giving generosity in return for gratitude, for existence, this is the core of liberation.

Again: have nothing to lose in the confrontation and struggle with evil, or nothing you will not let go of readily and without regret, except for your soul deep integrity and the courage to embody the truth you represent. That is your strength. That is your source and resource. It is the Nelson Mandala resource. It is the resource of Mohandus Gamdhi. It is yours to claim.

UNION: the Harmony of Contained Conflicts*

- an EcotopianVision of Biocracy

from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire

On that very day, a most auspicious day, as rosy fingers of the dawn began to caress the curvaceous contours of rolling hills, and the golden smile of sunlight renewed its occupation of the sky, the angels of heaven assembled in choirs and sang angelic songs. Little birds left their treetop nests and flew into the clouds singing their sweet morning songs, conjoining with the melodies of angels celebrating the reawakening of light and life.

Each of the four great winds placed two fingers to their lips signaling hush. Calm spread over the land and all of creation moved sublimely with a slow and pleasant rhythm. Animals of forest, field and of the air gathered in a ring, defining the ecology of sacred space. The white deer with wide branching antlers was there, and the white deer's progeny, knightly

unicorns and golden cranes standing on one leg were present too. And horses that come up from the sea and provide mounts to riders of the storms joined in interactive circles of luminous diversity. Harmony is incomplete without reference to the inhabitants of mythology! And sometimes fantastic creatures provide disguises for spirit visitors from other worlds and lend themselves to narrative mandalas and sublime gossip, enchanting generations to a renaissance of culture.

Sun and moon shared equal portions of the morning sky that most auspicious day. The primordial pair, having walked the walk of sentience beneath the rainbow and traveled the serpent roads of time, appeared, awakened and wiser after reincarnations of strenuous exile. Here they were hand fasted and gradually the couple merged back into one body, ecstatically spherical, joyously buoyant, emotionally fulfilled.

This was the origin of the myth of androgyne transmitted orally by philosophers and the elixir source of soulmate quests whispered together by lovers throughout sojourning generations..

Blessed is that land which enshrines and celebrates the auspicious event. Blessed are the people who

commit the event to the tradition of memory and who recall it. Blessed are they who tell the story. Blessed are those who listen.

That which is above mirrors that which is below. What is below sets in motion what is above. That which is below mirrors that which is above. One mirror is visionary glass. One mirror is obsidian.

When there is peace, there is peace. Nature is the harmony of contained conflicts. When there is war, then there is war. Justice is the seal of harmony. Chaos befalls civilizations when the seals of reality are broken.**

*****_A phrase taken up from Alan Watts., from The Book Against Knowing Who You Are._

******_Breaking of the seals of creation, patterns, is a major, recurrent motif in The Book of Revelation. In his essay Apocalypse, DH Lawrence reflects on the Revelation of John as the most frequently read text in the New Testament Cannon and an apocalyptic template in the belief system and directional motivation of Western Civilization._

The AUTONOMOUS TERRITORY of ECOTOPIA WEST:

(WA, Oregon, CA & Hawaii); bordering British Columbia, Canada, north, Baja, Mexico, south, and visited by the waves of the Pacific Ocean (meaning Ocean of Peace)—where there are more trees than people, more bikes than cars, with a peace loving, tree hugging population of harmonious racial and ethnic diversity. With a vibrant Pacific Rim economy and citizens who value freedom, justice, inclusive generosity, commensality, nonviolence, and eco-centric responsibility.

Migrate: Come, join in the Great Work of Purified, Participatory Democracy, Lifestyle Sustainability. Nonviolent Civility, and the Evolutionary Building of Viable Back-to-the-Future Biocracy.

Dreams can come true through visionary determination, dedication, and courage. And some of us, the woke among us, whose heads are on right, whose eyes are wide open, whose hearts have wings and whose souls are in process of salvific liberation, deserve better than what is given historically. Become a believer in what is better. The impossible dream stops being impossible when together we turn alternative identity into species reality. Into the Ecotopian dynamic.

{ECO-WEST: Earth keepers, Green Farmers, Land Dreamers, Hobbits, Hippies& Socialists always welcome…Fascists, Oligarchs and paramilitary mercenaries: move out and stay out. May you wander a hundred lifetimes or more without pay or profit!**}**

I am not advocating outright succession. Perhaps that will be compelled by necessity, but not likely in my lifetime. Right now, I am planting **seeds of Ecotopia**, to encourage a population gathering with a powerful moral imperative and sustainable resistance to disastrous eco-denial, authoritarian misrule, military threats and political aggression. Without any church or dogmatic alliance, we might call this advocacy "The Mustard seed Revolution."

There will never be Concentration Camps in Ecotopia!

ECOTOPIAN CONSTITUTION:
a Declaration of Biocracy *

Blessed are you Earth.
Bless us with stability.
May we be as sovereign-strong
as the Earth is round.
Teach us to dwell perpetually
within the truths of life's cycles:
grateful daily
generous to our very bones
with shining humility
in the way of reciprocity
To be without greed.
To live without war.

Blessed are you moderation
that we learn the
dignity of discipline
that we reinvent community
and local sustainability.

And prove to be trustworthy
of nature being natural.
And worthy of nature's wisdom.

Blessed are you rain
that bestows on us
the joy of cleanliness – sufficiency
for spring planting
enough for autumn harvest.
Blessed are you gentle rain.
The fruits and the flowers
and our two legged people
have need of you.

Blessed are you wild herds
flourishing among us freely
across native grasslands
on slopes of majestic mountains
and in the teeming salmon-streams.

Blessed are you talking trees
forests as tall as prayers.
You give to our world
(where children play
and love is made and
there is hope) the precious
powerful gift of oxygen. Trees
you keep our unpolluted air
in sweet-breath.
And there is atmospheric balance.
Gracious thanks to tree! May
the forests grow old millennium around us.

Blessed are you the
pollen breathing voice of wind – the
serenity of spiraled stars at night the
hushed beatitude
of garden meditations.

Blessed is your heart and mine
and the miracle of heartbeats. Blessed
are our senses and our souls.
The dream of Earth's healing
that together we are dreaming.
Like hobbits of the fabled shire.
Like singing elves of mercy.
Bless the work we are doing now.
Bless what is yet to be done.

Blessed is this grounding place
these intimate spaces
and future generations – citizens and
children – Earth walkers with genius
to make the dream of
Ecotopia come true.

Blessed are all of us whose
signatures are on this constitutional
document of our better selves
for a viable, a reliable, and biostatic future.

*****_Ecotopia, the futuristic autonomous territory of Ecotopia West (a down to Earth habitable utopia) inspired by the novel ECOTOPIA by Ernest Callenback, UC Berkeley. And why not an Ecotopia East, etc.?_

SOVEREIGNTY

The cult and culture of the gun—the patriarchal gun—used to dominate and control, to suppress objection and dissent, to threaten and intimidate, to injure and to murder, to enforce empires and wage wars—is to legitimize criminal activity through the menace and application of violence. The patriarchal gun is the symbol of the politics of "might makes right," the denial of justice and outlawing the freedom of conscience. And by blocking exercises in dialogic openness denying mutuality and the at-risk possibilities of inclusionary changes. The opposite of the gun is recognition. At the center of recognition is the awareness of shared vulnerability.

What are we all, first and foremost, but a sentient species of conscious mortality?

Each single life is a world. To destroy a single life is to destroy a world. To save a single life is to save the world of that life. To be empowered to save but refuse to save is the same as destroying an entire world.*****

Consciousness of an individual life implies inwardness. Consciousness and the inwardness of consciousness is sovereignty. No one knows the inner world of another more than that world is revealed through self-explanatory articulations and through acts of trust. And acts of trust are acts of beauty.

The inwardness of a human being, for good and for evil, is the hidden treasure of each individually embodied presence. The hidden treasure is a world. Perhaps it is a multiverse? It is the cipher of a single, Earth-sojourning soul.

Who saves a life, saves a world, a soul, a migrant in search of purpose here within the All-Around dynamic of the Earth. To destroy a single life, destroys the world of that life. Destroys the search and the sojourning purpose—and the relationships—of that person and that world of thought, feeling, imagination, vision and

directional dreaming. The Earth, too, overarching the entire field of pilgrimaging entities, is dreaming. And the Dream of the Earth is an intention, concealed and reveled in the quantum origami of evolution.

The sovereignty of sentience encompasses the mandate of choices. Choices have consequences. These are an energy which ripples outward into the fields of interpersonal experience. Maturity is responsibility for choices. The wisdom of maturity is the civilization of the soul.

*****_A traditional teaching on the hidden treasure (personal inwardness) of individual existence and interconnective relationships. The moral responsibilities of reverence. And the extent to which the "and yet" of a life may awaken and grow if not damaged or destroyed._

Nonviolent MANIFESTO:
Four Noble Truths of Eco Dharma

One: Earth is dominated and torn apart with lives destroyed and life-forms irradicated by human violence. Dead zones, like proliferating stage four cancer, continue to metastasize. This is the reality of what is happening to the planet of life. This is what is happening to the planet within which we live.

First inside yourself, your embodied person, your ensouled presence, replace violence and false values and debilitating attachments leading to violence with nonviolence. Then merge into the world you are part of and with which you participate, replacing violence with nonviolence.

Nonviolence is a tremendous power and nonviolence is a living truth. Nonviolence is a powerful truth on the side of life.

Be serious in your nonviolence. Be mindful of details, both large and small. Apply nonviolence to every aspect of interior life, to every layer, level and depth. Meditate on nonviolence. As a navigator, a pioneer, a pathfinder—as a dreaming visionary who actively dreams with the Dream of the Earth—apply your commitment to relationships.

Two: Earth is being consumed and decimated and forced beyond the parameters of integral maintenance and functioning balance by overshoot extravagance—the pathology of human greed. The worldview and the mindset, and disastrous, false assumptions of the right to use, misuse, possess and deplete, devaluates life and increases mass forced extinctions. The imbalance of overshoot extravagance—the weaponized decadence of gluttony—gives body to nihilism and to termination in the cumulative annihilate of conscious life.

The hypnotic and addictive attraction of things and of existence as a condition of thingness is used to mask deprivation and the naked horrors of perpetual consumerism and the systemic collapse of life-scapes. The death wish of civilization is causing dead zones and the precipitous decline in bio-diversity.

First inside yourself, your embodied person, your ensouled presence, replace greed and false values, and false value attachments nurturing greed with generosity. Merge into the world you are part of and with which you participate, replacing the hard shell, the incapsulated pathology of greed, with the natural, spiritually infused openness and health of generosity. Allow yourself to feel how good it feels, and how sustaining, to live without suspicion, fear, clutter and senseless hoarding.

Be serious in your generosity. Be mindful of details, large and small. Apply generosity to every aspect of private life, to attention focus, behaviors, routines and diet. Meditate on generosity. Meditate on voluntary simplicity.. Commit to being a dreaming visionary of the sanity of generosity, of one who actively dreams with dispensation and reciprocity of the dreaming Earth—apply your commitment to relationships. Those which are human and those which are more than human in the deep interweave—the cosmic dynamic—of the unity of diversity.

Apply generosity to the prosperity of appreciation. Be generous and respectful in your appreciation. Be generous and responsible in your love commensality and expansive connections.

Three: Life is being blinded by the irritants and toxicity of blanketing pollutants of propaganda to

promote needs which are false needs, which are the lies of bondage for the many and excessive profit for a minuscule (insular) few. The blind are leading the blind, with the human condition stripped of dignity and moral character, as we are collectively pushed over the brink into the maelstrom abyss of economic/industrial/technozoic history. These forces are the degrees of death of the Death Wish Civilization promoting a dead-end direction, promoting the reduction of democratic possibilities, of social and labor enslavement, and radical existential expendability, or even of outright population eliminations.

Our Earth home is in the monstrous death throes of constant war. It is total war, waged by the inhuman in human heritage against the mutual existential realities of humanity. Too often war is against civilian populations, especially against women and children as nature's conditional assertion in favor of life.

Women are the origin, children the continuum. Total war is the waging of aggression against the universality of vulnerability. The wars of the interhuman are mirrors of our relentless total—abstract and absolutizing—war against nature. Through the killing machine of war technologies, the toxic spores of resentment and rage are blanketing the Earth.

War is organized political murder. The plans for war are those of the ruling class in assertions to tighten

and extend their power by subduing and controlling others, and the natural diversity of otherness, and complete exploitation for the further aggrandizement of an elite minority—those who are first deniers of empathy, enforcing subversion of cooperation, prompting a psychosis of atomization, and eliminating the possibilities of interdependent relationships..

The start and perpetuation of war making is, however, empowered by the complicity and continued support of large populations. War will end when we want it to and not merely by a change of leadership and the illusion of changed policies.

The constantly advancing technologies for waging war, the research and deployment of weapons of mass destruction, from campaign to campaign, through genocide after genocide, increases the efficiency of indiscriminate slaughter. Overall populations who buy into the delusions of war mania, suffer the ravishments and losses. It is not the ruling classes of nationalistic enclaves but the peoples they mislead whose sons and fathers, husbands and lovers, and sometimes now uniformed women, who do the fighting, commit the crimes and atrocities, kill and are killed for convoluted ideologies and ruthless ambitions, from which they, ordinary, everyday human beings are intergeneration ally excluded.

Apply your commitment to nonviolence and your commitment to generosity, and the dialogic harmony

of contained conflicts, for a priori prevention and stopping wars against other people and wars against nature, inhabited by more than human but now of severely depleting life forms—the planetary increase of the graveyards of junk and the planetary decline of biomass. Meditate on courage as a discipline of nonviolence. Meditate on humility as a discipline of generosity.

Treat the disciplines of courage and humility seriously. Be alert, be awake, be aware of the value of every life. Love and defend the Earth as a life place which you are born into being a part of. Be on the side of life as your first commitment. Participate in redefining species identity and the mutuality of direction.

Treat the commitment to life seriously, in the reaches and depths of your personal reflections and in relationships throughout the world you participate in.

Resist and break the power of power to make war. War is organized political mass murder. Marginalize the powerful who resort to war to solidify their demand for control. Set the future free to live in peace and stability, without weapons of mass destruction, without furthering the efficiency of wide spread murder and the crime of copycat genocide.

The ultimate of nihilism is omnicide. Omnicide, as

the nightmare fantasies of denial and resentment, and the ultimate technologies of perfected murder-suicide, is nihilism's point of no return. Be a presence, a living affirmation, a constant resistance, against the absolutes of annihilation.

Four: The world as we know it is forever overwhelmed, and brought nearly to the point of drowning, by the tsunami of human corruption. Corruption devolves into malignant normalcy, which is a metastatic imposition of spiritual and political pathology. When corruption reaches the level of social pandemic, crime becomes rampant and normalized. Within the condition of crime's assertion of power, honesty is silenced, virtue ridiculed, imagination reduced to entertainment fantasy, and the true perception and integrity of the soul either exiled or crushed outright beneath the debris of meaninglessness.

Do not give your mind, your emotions, your spiritual aspirations toward evolutionary purpose, to the contaminated junkyards of denial. Do not infect yourself with crime and become nothing other than a minor blip in the circuitry of a groundless and rootless artificial phantasmagoria.

Gardens are made by gardeners. And gardeners are themselves gardens who have turned their love of life outward to cultivate goodness and beauty in the world in need of nutrition and nonviolent beautification In

the pockets of conscience and the hands of communal labor gardeners hold the seeds of possibilities.

First in the innermost beauty of your person, you authenticating presence—in love with simplicity, nonviolence, generosity and gratitude for life and a sustaining context of life affirmation—cleanse and free yourself from the temptations of corruption. With the purity of light and water, wash away viruses of crime. Turn your cleansing outward, connecting as empowered simplicity, as liberated openness, as exemplary trust in dialogic and shape-shifting possibilities (emotional and embodied empathies), ubiquitously protect the diversities of relationships. That is the way of the Earth. That is the vibrant, organic network of life. And deep in the archetypal layers of the unconscious, it is the heritage of humanity and human survival.

Work loyally to replace the limitations of ego with inclusions of eco. Bring faith home—to every petal, to every wing, to every fin and footprint, to every particle of light and every grain of sand—vitally returning theology to the grounding dimension. Theology as spiritual ecology. Ecology as immersion in reciprocity with anima mundi—the Living Spirit of the Living Earth.

With a new human signature of deep rooted, shared values of nonviolence and generosity, with politics as pointing the way through ever more direct democracy

toward biocracy—as justice and the right to existence for all Earth inhabitants, and the celebrative, cycles of acknowledging sacredness (a reverence for life) without beliefs of disregard for all that is given, negating and escaping, exiting the truths of these realties, we can heal our kind rather than destroy one another, we can mend the Earth in need rather than further denigrate unto dead zones, or condemn the evolutionary/ experimental Earth to oblivion.

SEEDING:
a Proclamation Worth Reading

(Then to Read Aloud)
from the OVI eBook Eco Woke

Look over here. See me. Here I am. I am a human being. This is a dangerous declaration. Yet notwithstanding, I wish to give the example of a new definition to the problematic experiment and volatile adventure of being human. I wish to declare something surprising in humanity—as humanity lives and grows and reaches external expression through me, my person. An individual, and yet a human member manifesting a presence through *a unique Existential Ecosophy*. What is Existential Ecosophy? It is the perspective of an existent, a person, mindful, response and responsible in the dynamic terms of real possibilities within the Encompassing, the context within which a life plays out the origami of sentience between birth and death.

The process of unfolding what is folded and folding again so to unfold anew a shape of sensory presence.

Evolution: a sentience in context, a becoming within Being. One intimate and dynamic gestalt before the Encompassing, the All-Around Flow of Genesis. A mandala of sensual flesh and sensitive consciousness. The mystic winged heart (and the eye of the heart) and crucible of a soul's sacred treasure. Ah, alas, and the crucifixion of time!

And this All (the All-Around life sustaining power of nature) is the wilderness domain of the ancient Greek god Pan, who, with rustic music and the ubiquitous Eros of Biotic Creation, follows the goat paths of evolution to Dionysus, Orpheus, Krisna, Angus mac Og, and even the exiled gnostic Christ of the Cosmic Round Dance. These named, along with the Green Man of the Woods, are descendants of shaggy, primordial Pan, inventor of the syrinx, pursuer of dryads and nymphs, and the back-to-the-future parent of Tolkien's Gentleman of the Wild, that Master Taoist, Tom Bombadil.

Look, you can see the outward terms of who I am, as I can take account of the outward terms of you. This is a start for us, and it is important that we remain focused for our interval together. It is common value that speakers make eye contact. That is an indicator of respect, and some measure of respect accompanies civil recognition and discourse.

I wish for you to understand that I am a seeder: seeding is my intention: it is what I do, what I am attempting here to do with you—seeding growth between us.

I enter the world and plant myself as presence and as an aligned dreamer, deep in the erotic fertility of creation—in the Eros-in-the-world of being human. I enter the space before you and plant myself in the common-ground and mutual condition of existence and ambiguity of each of us and the now, flowing in moments, between us.

A seeder looks toward a horizon; looks between here and there; and looks toward tomorrow. Seeds to actualize potential require duration. What does a seed contain? What will a seed grow into? Growth is a process and process happens over time—years, expanses, origami, and transformations of time. There are patterns in seeds and patterns are Gestalten, figures of process, becoming, unfolding; and a seed comes into its fullness through cycles, carrying purpose over seasons of conflict and fulfillment.

Time o' time! Yet I am here! I am in this present Presence, an active actual of the moment. This can be good, my good and my good to share, if I embrace and offer it. If you embrace and our embracing becomes possible and sharing integral in our revelation of being human. Individuated and yet species members of a

worldwide network of communities. Communities in the robust while yet fragile, integral ecology of this one only Living Earth.

I have a need and an abundance of tears. The world as I find myself in it is a conditional cause of tears. More tears than I would welcome if only the terms of existence altered; became more honest, empathetic and caring than conditions are. Which is to say, less violent, aggressive, broken and breaking of dreams; treacherous and betraying of life's need for dignity and decency. It is tearful and often tearing for a conscious, thinking, feeling person to cope with the preponderance of human ignorance and cruelty, and how we choose to live in self-referencing artificial extensions, far removed from the metamorphic flow (and glow) of natural balance, inspiration, wisdom, and harmony. Dangerously removed from the Grounding Dimension of this life, these terms of life, on this Living Planet.

I have a need and hungering of the soul for laughter. Laughter is an outburst of amazement, and I never have enough and am always longing for more. Do you agree with this? The longer we mourn for the wrongs of the world, the more we become spontaneous with the funny ways this and that happening slides into the constant flow to tickles us. Injury and waste and underneath injury and waste, ecstasy and renewal! A

marching boot crushes a flower, and another flower comes into light. A serpent strikes and a bird with a song, rising from a green branch, circles in the sky. The cold silence of fear, of death, is followed by a singing voice of joy. Each act of betrayal is countered by ten million, or a burgeoning billion acts of beauty!

In my hands (wait, let me show you) are collected some of the living gems of the Living Earth, of life here, where I am, where you are, where we are "connectables", immersed (if we dare to pay attention) in possibilities. Seeds of life, of what is "being human," what is to be repented, overcome, conditionally changed and what yet experienced; the longed for, the hoped for, the dreamed, and the yet to be shared, this is what is in my hands. By opening, I give. Whether I am young or old or you are old or young, whether female or male, or non-binary, Caucasian or of Beautiful Color, does not matter much in the life of tears and laughter. These qualities, unless destroyed by malignant normalcy or systemic (corporate) confinement, are inherent and common. Seeding matters and the nature of what is sown. That which feeds and authenticates us, or that which poisons? What from seed grows: how it becomes, blossoms and in turn seeds again into the wide world, into the future of the human condition. Into the backward-forward re-membering, reconnecting, exploring membership; within affirmative conditions of existence, in this specific, organically connective sphere of life.

The Wild of the Earth, this Earth, a uniquely orbiting sphere, evolutionarily self-cultivated into a Garden of Life. Life Wisdom to Let Be! To be a troubadour of being here, alive (nesting in reciprocity) and to sing from experiences of sentience and gratitude.

When I say "I" and include you, I can say with imaginative certainty that we are not who we were, when barren, neglected plots, when faceless strangers. Nor shall our kind be what we have been, if we, seeds of human reinvention, are to be at all. In the working of this, seeds, which were ever words and worlds of motion, take on feelings, contours, shapes, emanations, presences, reflections, vibratory-resonance, and are choices. **I am a seeder of choices.**

METHANE in a BELL JAR

Every word that needs to be said has already been said. Every word that needs to be said is being spoken now. The voice of truth wanders the world. Sometimes there is the rumble of rolling thunder. Sometimes there are whispers of rustling leaves.

No one wants to hear what is being said about reality. Nobody listens. Sleepwalkers do not wish to be awakened. Natural dynamics are eclipsed by virtual fantasies. This is the tragic flaw of human progress.

Ignorance is a large woman who claims that slothfulness is beautiful. She disciplines children by belittling intelligence. Arrogance is a bulked up man who uses aggression to get what he wants.

When Ignorance and Arrogance fornicate they force upon the world the giants of Intolerance. In the prolonged night of stupidity, not only justice but freedom too is forgotten. Concepts without experience fall apart.

In the galaxy of chaos and power, two languages are permitted. One is denial, founded on fear. The other is the increased gravity of silence.

LOYAL to the EARTH

from the OVI eBook Eco Woke and previously published in The Mythic Circle, Mythopoeic (JR Tolkien) Society, USA

If you choose loyalty, bypass being merely patriotic. Patriotism is a political tool used mostly by propagandists to stir emotions and further an oppositional agenda – an ideology.

Loyalty is a keystone quality and virtue of moral character – empathy, honesty, courage, perseverance, and loyalty. Character shows up in patterns across the variables of situations. Moral character is existential. When tested it becomes defining. Through moral character (the Eye of the Heart) a person evaluates the consequences of their actions.

Be loyal To the Earth. Apply the Gandhian directive to think globally while acting locally. Local is where you are. It is your home turf. It is where you nest.

From your spot, Earth goes out and on in all directions. And everywhere where Earth is, there is life. Life happens. Because Earth is a life place.

Choose life. As much as you can, do so with the strength and wealth of moral character. Choose loyalty to the Earth. The Earth is foundational. It is where life makes life happen. We are of the event. Behind the event is the process. We are part of the process.

RADICAL: Meaning Down to the Root

Pass no comprehensive judgment. It is not in your hands. Do not traffic in absolutes. Let the dead bury the dead as the saying goes. But may those on the side of life, engaging in cultivating the Ecotopian gardens of the Earth, prevail. Through the winnowing ordeal may we recognize one another in hallowing-humanity and conjoin soulfully to sustain the birthing-realities of a necessitated holistic renaissance. If Earth Crisis is Human Crisis, and it is, then Earth Renewal will be Human Renewal and Human Renewal will evolve within the Possibilities of Earth Restoration.

Individually and collectively, or if not collectively yet in minority, we can alter our species identity and align our lives with Earth's truths and an awakening to evolutionary purpose. With systemic changes, inside and throughout, we can renew who we are and how and why in renewing our relationships to the plenum of all that is. Or some, like a phoenix out of ashes—those who understand what it is to let go and to let be, who can flow into joyous repentance and celebrate the natural ecstasies of the prosperity of appreciation—take upon themselves the transfiguration of rebirth—to actualize a new identity within the habitable sanctuary of a new Heaven and a new Earth.

Not a Heaven newmade by negation. Not Earth mutated through overshoot domination. Not a species as a breed apart waiting traumatized in the ICU of history. Not awaiting in doctrinal hope of miraculous deliverance from the horrors of raging ignorance, but natively immersed with passionate intensity in a gentility, a veritable beatitude, of shared liberation.

Rapidly we are descending into an unprecedented darkness—the eclipse of bio-diversity and losing the humanness of shared humanity. Perhaps when disasters are peaking everywhere and most of the living are being overwhelmed by extremes of loss and

suffering, if it is not too late then (if it is not already too late now) the majority will awaken, heed and rise up to join the processes of mending the world. And perhaps not. To do so would be a novum, an accomplished wonderment in the history of human democracy. Not to do so, will likely be for millions or billions an unimaginable cataclysm.

Let the dead bury the dead. Do not regret what you let go of. Rejoice instead with those whose lives you help to free and heal and mutually save. Use your intelligence, your deep, socially forbidden intelligence, to subvert the illusions and the delusions of the endemic shallow mind and narcissistic shackling. Get down to the root of experiential descent so to be empowered in the continuum of experiential ascent. Awaken the dormant truth that you are and your part in the light-beacon constellations of evolutionary purpose.

It depends on us. This is radical. This is revolutionary. It is the emerging phase of consciousness and evolution. And it will take as many of us as can stand up with courage, humility and integrity, for the forging of a new dynamic of compatible connectivity between Earth and Humanity. A Gestalt, a creative unity rising up from the great work of co-creative diversities

POEMS

The WHITE ROSE*

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine and previously published in an OVI History Magazine, Sweden, & Countercurrents, India

The light of reason
And the Higher Light
And there is sanity in the light

The fire of passion
And that is Love
The flow of passionate life

Believe in the River of Crossing Over
Believe in the dawn
Horizon of the Dawn of New Day

Light penetrates darkness
Untying knots of shadows
Revealing the criminal plots of hatred and cruelty

Those who hold power by the throat
Their crooked designs
The plans of terror exposed

In light evil doers are gray
With the gray shades of inhumanity
In Higher Light crime concealed is shown and known transparently

Weapons of violence, of oppression, destruction
Are forged into farmer's tools
Take these seeds in hand, trust what is good, and garden

The Indigo Warrior is alive to everything living
Alertly responding to the colors of nuances, diversities, and needs

In the Spirit of Balance, she sings the inspiration of the world

The anthems of empathy!

Child of Higher Light
(Beautiful is the voice of truth) calls out
Look, mother, look!

Today the Earth is happy!

Profiteers and practitioners of hatred, tyranny and war
Are blown away into dust – Blown off
By the living breath of cosmic harmony

In the first twilight of liberation
We sit together in luminescent rings

Sharing stories of healing, and the love songs of freedom

Into the bonfires of communion, kinships and community
We toss the dry leaves of bitter memories
Burning away even recent shadows of suffering

Believe in the vulnerability of change
In the nesting light of Earth lodging stars
And in the heart of the Earth shaped human heart

The starlight within reach in each of us
The candle-heart of ascending wings
And today (even now, in this tremulant moment) we can start, revive, embrace

The Season of the White Rose.

**The name of an Anti-Nazi resistance group inside Germany during WW2.*

CHOICES

– an unfinished list

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine
& previously published in Countercurrents, India

If we must choose
between civilization and barbarity
we must choose civilization.
But only if the injustices and
atrocities of civilization
do not exceed those of barbarism.
If we must choose identity
between eco and ego
we must choose eco and celebrate
the global planting of trees and
enacting an end to
forced mass extinctions.

If we must choose
between maturity and contemporary normalcy
we must choose maturity.
Maturity implies moral character.
Moral character implies responsibility the
cultivation of the ability to respond
appropriately to the genuine needs of reality.

Cultivation implies culture-making
and culture is manifested through inspirational
intentions craft and discipline. Maturity
requires accurate perception patience and
above all the discipline of
appropriate thinking speech and appropriate action honoring
the diversity of life
honoring life in balance.
And establishing and maintaining dignity
as a universal touchstone
of the human condition.

If we must choose
between peace and war

we must grow up learning
to choose peace. Because peace
implies dialogue in
explorations of possibilities for decency
of mutual recognition and practical alternatives
to violence terror and oppression.
But war is organized murder
nothing but mayhem and murder. War is a
victory for nobody and nothing except a
sadism of suffering blood-profiteers and death.

If we must choose
between the blessing way of
the spirit warrior and that of business
as usual we must choose the pathfinder's journey.
And strive to share light with
those entrapped in sub-worlds of shadows
those who feed on the fast
foods of shallow obesity on false values and confusion.

If we must choose
between reason and madness
and reason itself is mad

we must reject both the sterility
of reason and the conflagration of madness.
We must make choices rather
for the heart of lovingkindness. We
must choose instead
the compassion of inclusion
and new commensality.
If we must choose
between honesty and lies
we must choose forever in the
moment honesty. Nothing good comes out of
lying. Nothing gets going or ever better
if honesty is absent. If we are not
truthful before and when facing one another.

If we must choose
between hearing and deafness
put down your weapons
be vulnerable and listen.
If we must choose
between vision and blindness
open your eyes

invite depth-perception and see.
If you should ever be asked to
choose between love and hate
do not acquiesce to the false juxtaposition.
Love was not initially nor is love eternally
opposed by hatred rather
opposed by apprehension by fear. And
suspicions and the estrangements of
disappointment the sins of our
faces falling.

Whenever you decide something big
bearing on your life or on the lives of others
do not make decision out of fear. Fear is darkness.
Dark imaginings infect
soul's perceptions of realties of
connectivity of relationships. Fear is a wall.
Walls cast shadows. Fear also
is a hole to hide in to slink into. There behind
fear hatred gestates nightmare scenarios dire and
grim inhuman stirrings conspiratorial
tempests leading to corruption's eruptions of crime.

Choose love when you make choices.
Love is not without challenges.
But love does facilitate a source of
wealth of warmth that
without love would never emerge
reaching into the light of day. To touch us here.
Choices with choices connect.
And choices you make give
content to identity.

TRUTH IS On the Side of LIFE

Stand with truth
Truth is on the side of life
The truths of life
Of dialogue and dignity
Of communication and community
Earth wisdom:
Unity through diversity. Of
Love—warm love—and courage.
Of freedom
The struggle for freedom
Integral, bonded innately
To the humanness inside
Of humanity. And deep
With a reverence for life.

Be opposed to false witness
To propagandizing deception, to
Politics and policies of betrayal.
To live in lies, giving over

Power to subverting honesty
Is to be meshed and
Pressed and morally crushed
Into the degrees of death
Of domination and oppression
Of enslavement, nihilism
Brutality and the fatalistic
Density of silence. Absolutes
Normalize inhumanity.

Be in rebellion against
Every ideology of slavery
Against every efficiency
Of commanded and obeyed acts
Of murder. Executions. Mass
Slaughters. Mass extinctions. History.
Madness. Totalitarian demagogues. Do
Not be a sycophant
A cog, a digit and pariah. Do not
Become a parasite. Have you already
Become a parasitic? Stop! Stop
And change direction.

Align yourself with life.
Life as flowing.
Life flowers throughout
Earth's biosphere.
With educating wisdom
With truth abiding.
Stand with your choices.
Make them true
To "who" you are. True
To your belonging.
To conscious mortality, shared
Creature vulnerability
To the democracy of experience
The species necessity
For bread and water, clean water and
Nurturing aspirations. Creative
Self-mandalas. Storied expressions:
Recoveries, discoveries of mutuality. And too
The common sense of sustainable, inclusive maturity
Grow! Be on the side of life. Not
On the sidelines of life. Be
In service to others. Honoring

The biotic blessings of otherness. Interpreting
Imagination's gift of dreams.

Make choices out of courage
Never choices expediently from fear.
Make choices
Holistically, in clarity
Never choices chosen
From confusion, derived from
Conspiracies of lunacy Extravagance
Of morbid greed at
Your identity's eclipse. Your "self""
Collapse. Disappearing, dissolving
Into the acid bath of chaos. Stop!

Self-deception
Is the worst deception.
Self-loathing
Is the root of hatred.
Stop hating
Life, yourself and all
That is not in your possession.
The

Intricate variables
Of the non-subjected.

Be
Mindful
Of choices you make. And changes.
Consider possibilities, weigh
The potentials of consequence.
Stand on the side of life
Choose good over evil: a sovereign
Flame of freedom. A sovereign
Intimacy of the beauty of love; the
Natural generosity of a healthy planet; over
Self-deception, banality, over self-contempt
Projected resentment and the woundings
Of injustice.
Over this shallow, accommodating emptiness
And social poverty. Is this what
A "Great Again" America looks like? Is this
How it feels to live in internal exile, to
Hide inside the mob mentality in shame, avoiding
The mirror of critical questioning? Eyes shut
Reshaping reality.

Revolt
Against you soul's evisceration.
Resist
The degrees of death. Abjure
The thingness of compliance.
End emotional numbness and conformist
Denial. Say no to Slavery. Say
No to normalized indifference and
Commercialized violence. To throwaway
culture, existence as individualized junk. And
The cult and addictive gaming
Of the patriarchal gun.

Corruption
Leads to crime.
And crime leaves a stain
To outlast generations.
Be a standup woman
Beside a standup man.
Stand together in equality
Equally. Earth
Has evolved us thus
For this standing task and challenge.

Earth made us bipedal and decreed
Us sentient. Out of
Millenia of tears and trials
Out of pilgrimages, of mantic storms
Sundering and haunting shadows.
Out of contradictions, miscues, and heroic
Laughter Myriads
A trillion-trillion-fold of
Microcosmic miracles.
EARTH
Perpetually speaks to us. Listen
Poiser, listen!

Poets
Are missionaries of joy.
And children are joy's angels.
Stand with truth
The truths of life.
With kids and with angels
On the plus side of nesting
On common ground. Find common ground
(Pious/dialogic/porous.) Soon
Before it is too late. On

Coming home, retracing forgotten footsteps.
(Sacred/immersive/pathfinding footprints) Hurry!
Before it is too late. Seconds only
And it is too late. Resist.

Truth is on the side of life.

Back across the River Jordan
Waits symbolic
The Messiah of the Cosmic Garden.
And the liberation of our
Un-umbered faces. Be woke!
Hasten. Radiant! Engage.

In honesty
Of our shared vulnerability
In profound humility
These are my prayer-words
Added to the Gospel of Creation.

WE ALL NEED the SAME, *Not Color and Everybody Hurts*

from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire and previously published in OVI Magazine & Countercurrents

There is no need
for fear
no need and no room
for hatred
in the heart of trust.
And language of the heart
is beautiful.

There is no need
to deny
to obstruct, obscure
to destroy
to pile up walls
to idolize an idea/ideology
and denigrate life
the power (the elan vital) of life

if - if the mind is clear
when mind is calm and
generous. When
honesty is wed to courage
and courage is in love
with honor, is
in love with humility.

There is no need
for greed, for insatiable consumption
for aggression, for
violence - owning a gun, for
targeting somebody, pulling
the trigger, no need
for committing a crime of murder.
No need, no evil urge
when the soul is
awake - the "woke" soul
of mutuality, empathy, maturity.

Experience is freedom
a democracy of freedom
founded
on accessibility of experience.
The expression of freedom is
social, cultural, radically human.
And beautiful.

Earth provides us common ground:
soil
rain
the winds, waters. Space to live in.
And there are only
two rules for walking upright
in life; for becoming a prayer.
And the language of life too
honest articulation is beautiful..

One—let go
of everything you thought

to dominate, to break
into pieces, to
dissect, to reflect your ego
to distress and control. Get
over the habits of cruelty
over demanding privilege from
forced injustice. The elitism
of injustice.

Look at the elegance
of a flower, any flower
the piety of a tree
seeds of plants, light
emitting miraculously from
distant stars. The
sun we orbit around is one.
Earth is third: Earth
the third ring.

Two—
let be.
All that is given by
nature (naturally) within the encompassing
maintains the possibilities of life.
Life happens. Life is happening now.
Abide in peace.
and biotic possibility. Pledge Earth loyalty.
Be grateful. O
the discipline to be free of madness!

Let go and let be.

Tonight, after having read the words of this poem, you may dream that Gandhi visits you in your dreaming. The Mahatma need not speak. He will talk to you with his gentle smile, real and radiant in the dream-sphere, bearing witness in an aura of soft gold. Remember.

BACK To the FUTURE

from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire

To be a warrior
Is to make a warrior's choice.
A warrior's choice
Is a warrior's signature.

A warrior stands his ground.
She stands her ground equally.
The ground a warrior stands
On is sacred ground.
The land is the life of the people.
The land holds
Ancestral bones.
The land shapes
Visionary dreams
The ground the warrior stands on
Is the place of memory.
Here is the ground

Of the warrior's people.
Here is her ground Equally.

By the land the people
Have a birthright to health.
By the land the people
Are ritually sacred.

At the center of the land
Is a sacred mountain.
Beneath the mountain
In the purple-green shadow
Is the valley of generations.
At the mountain's summit
Grows the tree of life.
The hoop of life encompasses the land.
In the depths of the heart of
The mountain grow
The roots in time out of time
Of the tree of life.

A river runs through
The home of the people.
River is the lifegiving miracle
Of water. Water is a gift of life.
The gift of water is sacred.
Without water
The land becomes dry.
The land becomes waste
And the land chokes on dust.
Without water the people
And all else that
Lives within the sacred hoop of life
will perish.

Through land and through water
Peoples of the Spirit Warrior
Remain sacred.
A warrior chooses a hero's journey.
A warrior has no need for
Violence, takes up no weapons of
Bloodshed. Commits no murder.

A Spirit Warrior does not
Weaken into armed and deadly
Conflict. Does not submit to fear.
She equally is a Keeper of the Earth.
Warrior's stand together
Defending the ground beneath their
Feet. As far as any eye can see. In
All directions. As far as
The Hawk of Vision flies.

GESTALT Of the DIALOGUE

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine and previously published in Gatherings: a Journal of Ecopsychology

We cannot talk about greening
without talking about peace
We cannot talk about peace
without talking about justice
We cannot talk about justice
without addressing injustice
We cannot speak of injustice with integrity
without talking about the problems of injustice
of race and poverty, of exploitation, empire,
gender, and history.

We cannot talk about the problems
without talking about indifference to suffering
We cannot talk about indifference to suffering
without examining the labyrinth of violence
We cannot speak of violence
without talking about hatred

We cannot talk about hatred
without talking about fear
We cannot talk about fear
without addressing the mutuality of vulnerability
and the given condition of relatedness.

We cannot talk about regreening of the planet
without talking about egocentricity and greed
We cannot speak honestly of this awareness
without acknowledging the bitter fruit of arrogance
without recognizing the healing significance of humility
and compassion.

No talking of self
without talking *with* otherness
No speaking of where we should be
without embracing where we are

No words about the play upon the world stage
without coming to terms
with the global village players
No emotional exchange with our players
without an emotional attachment
to the playing field
No meeting here with our false faces on
no falling into the fatality of silence
For it is paramount that we speak of greening
and short of extinction
that we talk of peace.

AS WE SAY

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine&
previously published in Countercurrents

Have a good day:
A day without hatred or fear
a day without prejudice, suspicion
or persecution
a day without being lied to
being swindled or mislead
a day without bullying, without
abuse, violation
violence or murderous terror
without the trauma of affliction
without humiliation
and without a loss of love.

A day so natural that
the sun rises in the east
over the Cascades
and sets in the west
beyond the Olympics
the moon appears
in the company of stars or
smiles demurely
between rain-laden clouds.

A day of freedom from want
when abundance is shared and
we and those around us
are not addicted or wasted, hopeless
or enraged against any living being.
A day of freedom of conscience
when respect and human decency
shape our social contract.

A good day, yes,
followed by a good night
peaceful and safe to rest with-
out nightmares psychological
in the convoluted and infected
knots of memory
or politically
in the convulsive and
deadlocked polarities of distrust.

Without government
gangs—high paid mercenaries—day
and night, prowling and
terrorizing citizen-streets where
everyday people live in hope. A

day when together none of us
is being consumed by shadows
no one of us

devoured by ignorance.
But a good day for the having
when we talk openly, face
to face with people who are
welcome and esteemed: in the
ordinary of mutual recognition
in the democracy of existence
and the common good of a
shared and common day.
A holiday!

Ripe for the prosperity of appreciation
for joyous repentance
overcoming history and
the wrong culture of denial
in solidarity, in plain simplicity
simply a good day for being here.

As we say:
A good day to be alive!

CANTICLE of the CREATURES

a free adaptation from the poem by St. Francis of Assisi -
previously published in the Christian Science Monitor
& OVI magazine, Sweden

Highest, most generous
goodly (my Lady-)Lord
to you only go
praise and honor, benedictions
of all kinds
and every glory
to you only, All-Parenting
do these belong
no mortal being
equal to signify your sacred presence

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through all creation—
especially through the lord
my Brother Sun
shining with the gift of day
dispensing to us
bounteous light, beautiful
and resplendent with brightness
to you my (Lady-)Lord
sun is most like in likeness

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through our Sister
the Moon and moving Stars
set heaven high
by your high hand
beautifully arrayed, precious
and most bright

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through my Brother
the Wind
and every breeze
and all degrees
of alternating weather

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through my Sister
Flowing Water
useful is she—
a humble, chaste
and priceless treasure

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through my Brother
Master Fire
who sparkles for us
in the still of night

fire dancing lithe
and bright, joyous
and abounding with power

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through our Sister
Mother Earth
who upholds and nurtures us
bringing forth
reviving fruits, flowers
of multi-hues and helpful herbs

praise my (Lady-)Lord
through those who show
commitment
through love of you
enduring the painful
perils of time, the
daunting tasks and crucifixion
of dire adversity

blessed are they
who persevere in peacefulness
for by you, Bestowing
are they endowed

praise and bless
my (Lady-)Lord
render thanks
and service truly, gently
and with great humility

there will be peace on Earth
when in our souls we want peace
when the currency of all
nations is lovingkindness
when the watchword of woke-culture
worldwide, is the way of mercy

GATHERING at the CENTER

This poem was written when I was program director for the Bone River Poetry Ensemble. It was written for then Seattle Mayor Norm Rice for the dedication ceremony of formerly Key Arena (now Climate Pledge Arena) and the Founders' Fountain in the Seattle Center. Instead of making a speech at the event, Major Rice recited the poem, telling me afterward that it said everything and more that he wanted to say.

*Three decades later, in a deeply troubled and shameful time, as I re-read this poem of my enduring core values. I am mindful of the engraving on the base of the Statue of Liberty: The Mother of Exiles. That dedication day, when Seattle's Mayor recited my words to a gathering of city citizens, we were not yet challenged by armed government gangs roaming and terrifying city streets, brutalizing and sometimes murdering people who live in the United States of America. People who dream of betterment here. People who dare to hope.******

Gathering at the Center was previously published in OVI Magazine
(Helsinki, Finland)

Throughout the ages we have traveled,
bearing the burdens and suspicions of history,
blinded to one another
and to the miracles of the living planet.

Men and women, women
men, with one eye closed, with one
ear deafened by self-absorption. Never
aware of one another's dreams, barely
aware of our own sounding footsteps. Yet

searching, somehow seeking, destined
to discover the mythic center that is
the heart of all thriving hearts, that is
the elemental bonding of planetary chemistry.
Now I am here,
today, alive on this ground, beneath
this great Northwestern sky, finding
my humanity extended through the diversity
of all that lives and shares. It

lives. And he and she, and this
vast excellence of ordinary otherness abides,
surrounds me. And I (as I have said) am here.
Here, where water leaps and where stone,
crafted, rises in athletic postures. Where
the flame of artful love kindles a
warmth of storytelling truth to ease
our nervous and our embarrassed souls.

Throughout all,
all the epochs, those eras, those eons, those
faulted mirrors of misperception and
rude misjudgments, we have traveled, generation
by generation—now, here

no longer bear or man distinct, no longer wolf
or woman outlawed, not orca here and human children there; not
black or white, not brown or red, but
opening friendship's deepest harmony, here,
at this center, in this space gathered, in
this articulate hour of unity when

we offer our hands in the circle of life,
of emotional geometry when we have
wings as well as arms, when we share joys
along with sorrows.

At this center; at this
spot, as a democracy
of mythographers—mapmaking
dreams into vision and
visions into shapes of hope, into
figures of light. Before
this water; this yielding water; as
a convocation of sojourners. Beside each
true and witnessing tree, as
a generation of evergreens, simple
conjoined as branches, co-
inhabitants of one All-Mothering
Earth. Earth we have need of
Earth in need of us.
Needing our better angels.

***Gathering 2026**: More than 30 years after the writing of this poem, collectively we are further away from the health of the poetic vision. There are mercenary gangs terrorizing domestic cities, government denying climate change and pursuing war after war. Isn't it time to take the work of Ecotopia seriously? Mustard seed Revolution, first quiet and covert revaluating and restructuring population and power is already a global diaspora of processes; shortly hereafter overt shifts and unifying transformations, visibly powered by necessity and spiritually empowered through awakening to evolutionary purpose, will steadily emerge. Smoke before pumice. Rumbling before eruption.*

TURNING of the TIDE

from the OVI eBook In Search of Thomas Paine
and previously published in The Poet, UK

by the millions
and hundreds of millions
by the millions
and hundreds of millions
by the millions and the hundreds of millions
we streamed out
like steam
from a boiling kettle singing streaming
we ran out
running from every conceivable
contrived
hiding place our eyes
ringed in dark anxiety our
souls weak and pale we ran we
poured like water released from
cisterns from broken vessels
subterrain otherworld
-ly suddenly
there we were we…
we are here gathered together
along the shore

at the shore of
time threshold crossing
at the shore of
space ribbon wending
in the between of our
better angels along the edge
the seam of time and space together
twinkling stars amid
grains of glittering
sand where we stood
we are standing now and
looked and now we are looking
and everything utterly
everything that was and
is new for us having
never before been
seen so clearly
so intensely intimate
on a scale at this distance
near to each
to every lip and eyelid and
everybody of us flesh the likes of
beach pebbles surrendering
to sky and
sky bowing down

like waterfall in
silent cascade and
the sounding a new sound that
had never nevernever been sounded before
never heard before
symphony
of orchestrated breathing
chorus tide recurring rhythmic
to and fro in drum
of heartbeat
in flashes of ethereal light the night
no longer held us loyally - say
how many tattered
howling churning bruised and battered
folk how many
generations -oooo
generations upon generations
upon generations
over eons pressing upward
passing beyond never having have waited
in hope
in agony
in longing

for the miracle of the tide
turning they had come
willy-nilly
they have
gone with their full
and foolish broken dreams
their broken hearts with their
bitten tongues blood
taste and windy dust invading
eyes and mouths nostrils palms and prayers
and pain in their full
foolish writhing
and withering inwardness and circumstance
here
we were
where we are
here
in the downpour of
flowers the sea spray sun-
ecstasy of a day
lotus-day this dove-day in
an hour at

this very moment
moment
at the turning of the tide the
ribbon shore
our ringing voices
touching
hands
faces

PRAYER

against the Chaos-CircusPOTUS (the American Version of Saruman*) & his Blood for Oil Oligarchs

previously published in Countercurrents, India

"I am
because we are." - Milan-Cortina Winter Olympics 2026

because I love life
genuinely
love the adventure of being alive
I must oppose you

you the enemy of life
destroyer of lives
you the betrayer

I need my love to be
free from politics
free from political rancor
deliberate chaos
and partisan convolutions

I pray
to never again hear
the sound of your delusional voice
to no more see
the ugliness of your hateful face
not to be pressed beneath
the heavy threat of your shadow
not to dread
the venomous nightmare
of your vengeful mind
never more, never more haunted
by the corpse of your heart
and the cold spite you exploit
to squeeze the life out of life

I will not empower
not recognize
or ever more pollute
life's precious time and focus
falling into the
grasp in your perfidious madness

because I love life love
the adventure of life
and life itself is freedom
I must oppose you

you who are
freedom's enemy
you destroyer of lives
you the betrayer

because my dignity
requires integrity
because there is freedom
in integrity

and dignity and integrity
are strangers to you

I pray
to be scrubbed clean
of the stain of your corruption
to be purged
and morally liberated
from the stigma of your crimes

I need to reclaim
the simplicity of joy
to return
to the pursuit of happiness
realign
with the generosity of connectivity
to reconnect
within the wealth of friendships
and the good feelings
of honestly shared and amicable
relationships

I turn my back on
what you are
on resentment and your playbook
of plots and lies
I walk away
walk far, far away
I will not hear you more
I will not see you longer
will never concede
to give what you believe is
yours to take to
waste and to ruin

I pray now and forever
everywhere where
a face is where a voice is
and always
I'll forget your name
you are nobody
I'll wash away

your unclean memory
with the gentle
cleansing rain of mercy

so
to love life
to be a person in
love not the thing
the shameful loveless thing
you sought to make of me

I pray
and will go on – go on and on and on
good enough – great enough lovingly
without you

***Saruman = Evil**: when power demands domination and seeks to impose the tyrant's personal preferences on others.*

WOMEN

Women of the Earth
You who by nature are most natural
Uphold and enhance your nature.
Reenchant the disenchanted world.

As much as you can work out
Separate and cleanse your lives
From whatever is artificial.
Join with one another
As Sisters of the Earth, stylize
Ritualize, celebrate as
Free thinking, free feeling, free
Wheeling Citizens of Creation.

Bring children of nations together
In peace and play and
Spontaneously in joy and in ease of wonder.
Invite too some men, some
Young, some old, whoever is
Soulful, the tender, the sensitive

The Charlie Chaplins and of course
romantic poets
The endangered knights errant, and of course
Of course the courteous troubadours.

Revive old dances, mi ladies, introduce
New carbon light footprints.
Sing melodies of delight and remembrances
Of her-story as your stories, with
Lyrics of love songs and
Compose poems for trusting hearts to
Spread their wings. Recite your dreams
To breathing wind and air. Walk
Poetically among the praying
Ents of trees. Lovelies
You can begin with this poem.

Right here, you mothers, you
Daughters, you venerable grand-dames, because
You are the life of hope

With your sweet-smelling hair and your
Calico dresses, because
You are beautiful
Quintessence of the nature of beauty
The beauty of nature, I
Have written down these simple, happy words
I give them this day to you.
Gifting these garland flower-sounds
To you always.

Ladies, come on, for nature's sake.
Use the wise witchery of your charms to
Turn liars back into warty toads.
Already they are dreadful enough
And ugly too
To frighten the future - to cause babies
To cry. O those garrulous mouths! The flies
On their fly-paper tongues! Who needs them?

SAVE

save as much as can be saved
save seeds
save wild native grasses
save seeds and bulbs of flowers
save earthworms and honey bees
save trees
save sources of clean water
as much as can be saved
life depends on water
save fruiting vines hanging
apples and edible roots – the
sweet potato and yam…red spuds
carrots and beets
save the medicinal wisdom
of herbs and wild plants
save spontaneities
of play and the hocus
pocus of joy
(of Hobbit joy) save
whispers of love

among lovers and
storytelling and prayers
and the piety the resonant
echoes of poetry
save plots of fertility
for stuff to grow out of and
gardens to feed hungry
bodies and orchards and
sacred groves of the soul
save the dreams of freedom
the pulse and drumming
ethos of justice
and the courage too to
save as much as can be saved

not human beings alone
not us
without this otherness

The FLEET of SMALL SHIPS

from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire
and previously published in The Mythic Circle

The lands were on fire
Flaming terrains of human torches.
Even the flocking carrion crows
Would not descend the smoking clouds
To feed on this charring mass of murder.

But the gentle of heart who
Had no part in wars and lies
Traveled together to the meager shore
To embark on the fleet of small ships.
To cross over the ocean of corpses.

Ah! even a frenzy of sharks would not feed
On this bloody mess of mass murder!

But the gentle of heart
Who had no part in wars and lies
Boarded their self-guided ships
To sail to their island destination.

With soul-friends aboard
And a cargo of seeds, with
Families of loved ones together. With
Clans, with goats, with milk cows, with clover
feeding flocks of sheep, and hounds. And their books
To renew the spiraling
Wheel of life – to redream the dream of creation

Arks and ark makers voyaging
To the dove of peaceful waters.

The gentle of resilient heart
With another holy part to play, all
Bright with hope and shedding
Pearls of survivor's tears, spontaneous
In prayers of courage and humility, embarked
Sailed out toward the horizon
Of the sea. Survivors enroute
Grateful for the navigating dawn, safe
And beautifully resourceful
Upon the fleet of small ships.

Arks and ark makers voyaging
To the dove of peaceful waters…

The GOSPEL of CREATION

"Split the wood and I am there. Lift up the stone and you will find me." - The Gospel of Thomas

Behold
And heed what I say
I am the Angel-Elemental of Fire
And descend from the sun
To bear witness
To the children of the Earth.

Behold
And heed what I say
I am the Angel-Elemental of Ocean
I ascend from the waters of origins
Riding to shores
On the waves of Aphrodite
And bear witness
To the children of the Earth.

Behold
And heed what I say
I am the Angel-Elemental of Wind-Breath
I circle the globe in the
Weather antics of wild and gracious dances
To bear witness
To the children of the Earth

Behold
And heed what I say
I am the Angel-Elemental of Rain.
I fall on meadows
In pageants of flowers
I shower orchards
In the cycles of harvest
And bear witness (witness!)
To the children of the Earth

Trees put down roots
To search through the dark chthonic
Trees lift branches high

Praying at the hanging
Gardens of stars
Stones are libraries of the cosmos
Stones house strata-narratives
Over eons of tribes and of passage
The heart that is broken
Spreads wings of a phoenix rebirthing
The human heart
Is the ark of a rainbow A mirth song
Of a covenant dove

Peace will come at last to the Earth
When friendship vanquishes war.

Composed 25 Dec. 2025

EPILOGUE: TORCH

a parable - from the OVI eBook Troubadour & the Earth on Fire and previously published in OVI, Sweden and Countercurrents, India

"Now it is up to you," the old philosopher says, handing the flaming torch to the youth standing before him. "It is your charisma. You are chosen by the god of time."

"Father, where shall I go? In what direction?"

The elder answers: "Carry the torch to every community and village along the way. Be sure to leave no one out. Whether the wind is on your face or at your back, you must keep the torch lighted and keep yourself moving."

The young torchbearer looks far down the road the two stand on. He questions, "What is my goal? What is my destination?"

The old philosopher places his hand on the youth's shoulder and answers. He says, "Go until you reach the horizon."

Puzzlement in his eyes, the young one replies, "Father, nobody reaches the horizon."

"You have spoken the truth. The horizon is always before us," says the old one. "Still, you are charged to go on. Until one day, after years of discipline, you too pass the torch to another generation. As I have now passed this fiery light to you.

"The torch is a symbol. The flame is alive. Hold the torch high and make it visible. The responsibility is sacred."

To conclude for now, I will summarize my position against war by citing two quotations from ***Albert Einstein****. One, the inevitable awakening: "War cannot be humanized, war must be abolished." Two, the necessity for global action: "Wars will end when men refuse to fight."*

David Sparenberg is a humanitarian and eco poet, international essayist and storyteller. David published four OVI eBooks in 2025: In Search of Thomas Paine, Eco Sanity, Eco Woke, and Troubadour & the Earth on Fire. OVI eBooks are Free to download! Money need not come between you and knowledge.

Nonviolent MANIFESTO

Provocations of Ecology, Spirituality
&Politics at a Higher Octave

David Sparenberg

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David Sparenberg is a humanitarian & eco-poet, international essayist & storyteller. Along with this volume, David is also author of the **OVI eBooks 'In Search of Thomas Paine', 'Ecosanity', 'ecoWoke'.** He is an advocate for democracy, nonviolence and planetary responsibility. David lives in the Pacific Northwest of the United States.

Nonviolent MANIFESTO

Provocations of Ecology, Spirituality & Politics at a Higher Octave